

THE  
INTERESTING STORY  
OF

*R*  
EDWIN and JULIA;

BEING

A RATIONAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL  
ENQUIRY  
INTO THE NATURE OF THINGS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

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BY A DOCTOR OF PHYSIC, M. A. &c.

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*If Fiction persuades, what should Facts do?*

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L O N D O N:  
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INTERESTING STORY

EDWIN and JULIA

A NATIONAL AND PHOTODUPLICATION

OF THE

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TO  
*THE LADIES,*

THIS BOOK  
IS  
INSCRIBED,

WITH  
ALL DUE DEFERENCE,

REGARD, AND ESTEEM,


BY THEIR

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

*A BACHELOR.*

TO  
THE LADIES

---

 *The Sentences which the Author  
been obliged to borrow from old  
Productions, are printed without a  
Mark of Quotation.*

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THE  
STORY OF EDWIN AND JULIA.

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LETTER I.

*London, June 2d, 1787.*

EDWIN,

MANY a bitter moment have I pass'd since I first met with you; and from what I can learn, your's have not been very pleasant; yet, I trust, we will both see better days: indeed, the world cannot use us much worse than our own relations have; and I trust it will never be in their power to deprive us of our

B

old



old friend *Hope*, which makes us often happy even in deceiving us; and is that delightful dream, or pleasant delusion of the mind, which doth not only promise us those things which we most desire, but also those things which we sometimes utterly despair of. Though our parents have rejected us, and many of our friends discarded us, for reasons best known to themselves, yet I hope kind Providence will temper the wind for the shorn lambs, and drive the storm from the orphans' door;—but, alas! fathers and mothers very often engender the sons of sorrow, and too frequently bring the fruit of their body to an untimely end; and I am sorry to say, that we have this evidently verified in the case of the poor unfortunate Miss Palomba, the recital of whose miseries shocked me very much; and the more so, as I had an esteem for her.—Poor girl, she is now no more!—but hurried out of the world by the Black Raven of Bath, as you shall hear,——

——Long

——Long she flourish'd,  
 Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,  
 Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,  
 Cropt this fair rose, and rifl'd all its sweetness,  
 Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

I was lately a few days on a visit to a friend of mine in the country, where I passed some time very agreeable, and where I was one evening in particular walking out by myself, when my attention was called to a poor woman, who sat at the door of a small cottage with two infants, one at each breast:—supposing them to be twins, and that the mother might be a real object of charity, I advanced towards her, and to my great astonishment it was a person whom I had once known in affluence, but who, with a bitter tear in her eye, told me, that her ungrateful husband had wantonly involved her in numberless miseries, and then left her;—so bursting into a flood of tears she pitifully added, that only one of the children was her own, and the other a nursing child which

she had taken, with a view of assisting her in the support of a numerous family. Being thus informed, curiosity induced me to enquire to whom it belonged: She replied, it was the natural child of a young clergyman, who was not only from ignorance, lying, and low cunning, but also from every other species of wickedness generally practised, a scandal to the cloth. Upon my lamenting the fate of this unhappy infant, the poor nurse, seemingly full of tenderness, told me, that if I knew the whole story relative to it, I should indeed have more cause to grieve for it. The child, says she, is afflicted with a dreadful disease, the consequence of its father's irregularities; its mother, who is now dead, was the daughter of a tradesman, and seduced from her parents at the age of seventeen, under the promise of marriage, which was never fulfilled. The disappointment, and the refusal of her parents to receive her again under their roof, preyed upon her delicate frame, and soon put an end to her life and her misery!

The



The author of this villany had several children at nurse in the same neighbourhood, and was just married to a very agreeable young lady of six or seven thousand pounds fortune. His looks were nowise in his favour, neither had he any thing attracting in his person; yet hypocrisy and dissimulation, in which he shone, preyed upon the thoughtless and unwary.

I am not accustomed to cloath my feelings in expression; and were I ever so capable of it, I should want words to paint the emotions which this story, as told by the poor woman, had excited in my bosom. I lonely returned home, ruminating upon all the probable consequences of this wretched hero's gallantry; I could not forbear contemplating with a prophetic eye, the future destiny of the poor miserable infant I had just seen:

What pleasures shall it ever find,  
 What joys shall ever glad it's heart,  
 Or who shall cure its wounded mind,  
 If tortur'd by misfortune's smart!

Dangerous and difficult are the ways of this world, even to those who have every means to assist them in their journey through it : how much the more perilous to this poor deserted stranger, abandoned by him who gave it birth, and deeply involved in the punishment of his atrocious crimes, without partaking of their guilt ! Little innocent babe, that hast no paternal roof to shelter thee from the snares of a wicked and contriving world ! who hearest not the tender names of child and parent ; nor feelest the protection or tendernefs, which those relations claim from each other !—Poor child of sorrow ! to what difficulties, to what temptations art thou exposed ! who shall cheer thy dejected heart in poverty ? and in sickness, who shall comfort and strengthen thee in thy uneasy journey through life, or reconcile thee to the rugged paths thereof ? If thou hast beauty, it will betray thee ; the purity of thy mind, and the simplicity of thy conduct, will not secure thee from the destroyer.—Should'st thou amid the accidents  
of

of thy life, deviate into error, may Heaven provide thee some friend to recal thy wandering steps! Shouldst thou fall a victim to the base designs of an artful betrayer like thy unrelenting father——may some kind-hearted Samaritan pour balm into thy wounds, while the priest passeth by on the other side; reconcile thee to thyself and virtue, and shelter thee from those calamities which threaten a period to thy eventful history!

From the probable future misfortunes of this infant, my mind was imperceptibly led to the past sufferings of its wretched mother. What a contrast must a few months have produced in her situation and feelings! Perhaps the pride and comfort of her parents, she possessed every enjoyment which innocence and affection could inspire. Doubtless her happiness was theirs, and the many hours of care and solicitude they had experienced on her account, were soon to be repaid, by seeing her honourably and happily



settled for the days she had to live:—But in a moment all these flattering hopes are blasted for ever ! Credulous and unsuspecting she falls a sacrifice to the deep laid schemes, the unparalleled villany of him whom she had been taught to consider as the guardian of her honour, the protector of her innocence, her friend!—

It is more easy to conceive than describe the feelings of a tender and sensible heart in such a situation. The grief and dishonour she has already brought upon her parents, the indelible stain she may entail upon her innocent offspring, must sink her mind beyond the reach of comfort : these reflections, added to her own disappointed hopes, and slighted affections, suggest to my mind a picture of the most consummate human distress : nor can I conceive it possible that a sensible and virtuous woman, the greatest ornament in nature, could long survive a scene of such complicated calamity !—

I must

I must now conclude by telling you, that this is the third time I have wrote in vain : an answer is what I wish for ; and, what I trust you will not deny me, give some account of yourself, that I may shew it to my cruel and avaricious uncle, who is continually chiding and tormenting me, whenever I speak of or sigh for you ; he is always asking me who you are, what you are, and where you come from, &c. &c.—I shall be at Bath in a few days, and you may direct for me there ; but I trust you will not impute the impropriety of my demand (which I must confess is rather ungenerous) to myself, but to my hard-hearted uncle.

Your's for ever,

JULIA.

## LETTER II.

EDWIN'S ANSWER.

DEAR JULIA, *Paris, June 10, 1787.*

**Y**OUR letters give me a particular and infinite pleasure; I read them over and over again, with the fondness of a lover, and the real affection of a true friend. They revive in me the many agreeable and happy hours which I have spent in your company. I well know that you have long since adorned your mind, and given it a serene and just way of thinking; therefore it would be needless for me to throw my scraps of morality and philosophy before you. That virtue which adorns the inward man, doubtless adorns my Julia also; and I am convinced that you have no need of my sentiments, either on virtue, vice, religion, books,  
 or



or men: for in your mother's kind letter, I am informed that you take the greatest pleasure in exerting your talents and virtues to the dignity and advantage of your own sex and reputation.

It is now above four years since I had the happiness of seeing you; and I am more than sorry to add, that from what I can read in the dark bosom of futurity, and from my present circumstances, that tedious and wearisome time threatens to double itself: yet, I hope, I shall still retain my former place in your thoughts. Remember that a long absence makes a joyful meeting, and the affections of real lovers and friends are endless.

I am much delighted with your last letter; it is simple but not silly, truly natural but not in the least rude, and learned but not studied: therefore I trust you will favour me with something more on the same subject. I should likewise be very glad, as you are going to

Bath, to have some account of that much noted place; however, I would not advise you to drink much of its waters, as they will by no means agree with your constitution; they may give you a temporary relief; but the evils which often accrue from them are dangerous indeed; therefore Julia do not meddle with them.

I now take up my pen, rather to appease your eagerness, than to gratify the inclination of your ill-natured uncle; you know I love you too well to deny you any thing in my power, or to hide from you what may tend to your entertainment. The reason of my not answering your letter before, was my indisposition of body. I trust you will excuse me, when I tell you, that I have been confined to my chambers in the college ever since the beginning of May last. My only friend is dead, which loss has pressed very heavy upon me; Heavens grant you and me the necessary fortitude, for two of the most unfortunate mortals that ever trode  
the

the stage of life ; and may the faults which we have committed, be as barriers against us in future, when we would slide from the path of virtue. Let us rather than reproach our relations for their follies, learn to correct our own errors. You know the world is made up of caprice and vanity; the ignorant think the wise foolish, and the rich hold the poor in despite; the wife betrays her husband, the father often ushers the child to destruction, and the son frequently brings his parents and himself to a morsel of bread. Thus you see the inhabitants of the earth destroying one another, and doubtless will continue so doing till they are totally extirpated from it.

According to your request, I must now begin to give you a short but faithful account of myself. I believe you know that my pride and ambition may be put into a small circle. I am not very ill-natured, nor very severe, although I have the misfortune to be sanguine. I hate flattery and  
lies ;



lies ; I detest the rogue and despise the villain, but have severely suffered by them. Ever since Nancy S\*\*\*\*\*, the midwife, whirled me into this ill-divided world, I have been treated not as one of my own species, but as a monster, and probably will not be used as a human creature, till death whirl me out of it : yet I must own, it is below the dignity of Innocence to wage war, or even to defend herself against the unmanly attacks of her enemies ; because she can quench the most malignant reproaches of the wicked, and is that good which cannot be taken away even in the time of torment. Silence is the most defensive weapon with which an injured man can defend himself, and is generally the child of innocence, keeping consolation and quiet in the breasts of the good, and an outward peace amongst the bad.

Thou ! gentle Goddess, whose domain

Wide o'er the dusky shades extends ;

Whose peaceful sceptre rules the plain,

When pearl-distilling dew descends :

O touch

O touch my temples with thy wand!  
And near my cottage, sentry stand.

When sweet Calliope inspires  
The panting Bard with swelling strains,  
He to thy ebon throne retires,  
In shady groves, or flow'ry plains;  
Invokes thee, and thy sister muse,  
And for thy kind protection sues.

Tutor'd by thee, Aurelia hears  
Her heart-struck shepherd's am'rous tale;  
In silence weighs her hopes and fears,  
Till Hymen, Love, and you prevail.  
The nuptial-bed thy care employs,  
Close brooding o'er their hallow'd joys.

Where yonder cliff's o'er-hanging brow  
Sees Eden roll her silver wave,  
Which whisp'ring, laves the verge below,  
There lofty trees conceal a cave,  
Within whose rude, unchissel'd cell,  
The babbling Echoes ever dwell.

There, when the sun with fervid heat  
Thro' flaming æther darts his ray,  
I'll seek the placid cool retreat,  
And in soft numbers melt away;

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An altar build, and let it be  
Sacred to Poesy, Love, and Thee.

Let me now rest a little, and bid you fare-  
well till the next post ; when I shall tell you  
something more of myself, or at least of  
others.

Your's eternally,

EDWIN.

LET-



## LETTER III.

To EDWIN.

S I R,

*Bath, June 22, 1787.*

NOTHING except your presence could have given me more pleasure, than when Moses, the letter-carrier, mentioned my name with a letter from Paris. As soon as I got it, I ran up stairs, read it twenty times over, and treasured every single sentence of it up, in my weak memory. I think the lines upon Silence are extremely well written, and the sentiments throughout the whole breathe charity and good-nature.

I find you wish me to say something more respecting the seduction of the late Miss Palomba; but I must beg leave to inform you, that I am very inadequate to the task. What I told you in my last, might only be one instance of the fatal effects of the Bath Raven's gallantry.

gallantry. Perhaps the case of many of the others he may have seduced, is equally pitiable, and some of them still more unfortunate ; for death at last (if it did not hide her shame) put an end to her sufferings. You know it too often happens, that women who have been deceived and deserted, throw themselves upon the town ; and to obtain a precarious subsistence, abandon themselves to all the horrors of casual prostitution : and every sensible person will easily perceive, that it is not so much from a natural depravity of inclination, as from a kind of necessity that they are compelled thus to devote themselves. Degraded in their own eyes, humbled beyond the necessity of chastisement, they cannot bear the severity of reproach :—to their own sex they dare not appeal, and they have too lately experienced the perfidy of the other sex, to expect any other than a criminal protection from them. From an ill-timed severity the doors of their parents are shut against them ; and where can the poor penitents fly for shelter ! when

no asylum is left wherein to conceal their shame, is it to be wondered at, if at last they should be tempted to renounce it?

Fathers and mothers are certainly to blame in adopting so harsh a conduct; if they are actuated by a regard to their own honour, do they not take the most improper method possible to retrieve it? And if they have any tenderness left for their child; by throwing her at a distance, they give the first lesson of scorn to the world, and she soon sinks beyond the possibility of recovery. If such authority is designed as a punishment, it may aggravate distress, but can never produce amendment; the mind under such circumstances, can want no greater torment than its own feelings, to humble it as low as the most rigid virtue could prescribe. If we examine still more closely, we shall find less reason for the severity of parents on such occasions; for in many cases *they* are accessory to the ruin of their children, by a want of proper care in their education.—Having



ing no example of domestic manners, or social happiness before their eyes, they grow careless in their duties, and contract habits of levity and dissipation which are not easily to be done away by subsequent admonitions ;—their minds are tainted by the pernicious, but insinuating poison of novels and romances.—The imagination heated, and the passions excited in that most pernicious of all schools, the Circulating Library, the man of gallantry makes an easy conquest; and perhaps it may be some extenuation of his guilt, that the object he has devoted to ruin, is ready to surrender on the first summons.

I have always considered seduction as one of the greatest offences against civil and social happiness; and have often lamented, that it is among those crimes, for which the laws have provided no adequate punishment.—He who can form a deliberate plan to seduce innocence and virtue, and under the pretext of honour and affection accomplish

plish his purpose, is a character much more injurious to society, than the most daring highwayman ; the latter, though he rob you of a few shillings, pays for his offence with his life ; the former entails misery and shame not only on the miserable object of his criminal pursuit, but disturbs the peace and happiness of all those with whom she is connected, and that too with impunity !

A certain author observes, that an honest man is the noblest work of God ; but I believe an honest woman is more justly entitled to that appellation. It is true, men and women separately considered, we may say, are but imperfect creatures, and as it were only a half of one another. The human species is divided into two sexes, and is not properly perfect but in the union of both. Nature has conferred on each sex distinct graces and charms to allure each other ; and by this reciprocal communication of particular beauties, consists the beautiful order of nature : Hence springs in us that almost  
irre-

irresistible propensity of mutually sharing the enduements wherewith we are adorned. He who enjoys them is not always enamoured with them, because he is to aspire after others: but the beholder is charmed with them, as they belong to him, and seem made on purpose for him. This sport of Nature, in dividing us only to *join* us the closer again, is as old as the creation, and doubtless will live through the boundless ages of futurity. Both sexes have ever been claiming one from another, that other part of themselves, and challenging a mutual communication of their perfections by this glorious and delightful mixture, to constitute only one single human body, whose union will add to its strength, as its strength will to its duration.

I must finish my letter at present, and leave you without saying a word more; only wishing you every happiness Heaven can bestow.

JULIA.

LET.



## L E T T E R IV.

From EDWIN to JULIA.

JULIA,

*Paris, June 30, 1787.*

How happy should I be to entertain you with something more instructive and amusing than the history of my own life, which has been nothing but a series of misfortunes throughout the whole! yet as you seem very anxious to see it on paper, I make bold to begin, but flatter myself that you will return me the compliment with your observations on the people and places which you frequent.

In the year 1762, and on Christmas day, the midwife brought me to see the sky-light, and my own species. I was then feeble and innocent, a stranger to vice, and  
must

must once become so again, to enter that kingdom not governed by men. Often have I almost fainted under the pressure of my misfortunes, and cried out, *O Death!* why dost thou tarry, to put an end to the existence of one whose life is not his own, who has no pleasure in earthly societies, but whose miseries increase with the number of his years!

Yes, Julia, I have seen enough of the world, and sufficiently experienced the perfidy of its inhabitants: I have been buffeted about as a sheaf in it, and utterly rejected by those who gave me birth; yet, I trust Heaven will freely forgive them, and mark down my innocence in that book which waxeth not old! Alas, the world are often highly entertained with the calumnious language of the slanderer, who is undoubtedly a greater pest to the peace and happiness of society, than either the thief, the highwayman, or the unfortunate debtor, whom we confine to the dungeon on the slightest information.

formation. I speak from the most profound experience, which has taught me that an artificial scandal strikes deeper than a plain open reproach; it shews the keenness of those people's malice that use it, and how willingly they endeavour to do mischief, and at the same time discovers the baseness of their mind: for when a bad person is afraid to own the abuse, he generally puts it in this form—and *they say*; he does not only cover the lie, but draws in the innocent to give countenance to it. This makes a falsehood pass under authority, and that which was invented but this minute, look like a confirmed and established truth, and intimates that a man's acquaintances are agreed to believe ill of him, and so strikes his reputation with the greater force, and makes the larger and more lasting wound. Now, should not this teach people to be cautious in the use of such general expressions? for a story in this form is very often half a lie, and for the most part a whole one. Whatever comes to hand in this dress, should always meet with suspi-



cion; because it is the easiest thing in the world to spread a report, and 'tis a reflection both upon our prudence and our honour to take it up, and hand about any man's name to his prejudice: besides, it is almost every body's case to be so used, and every body equally resents it; and therefore he that by a foolish credulity, or a love to tittle-tattle, contributes to this humour, does that injury to another, he would by no means have done to himself; which is at once impeaching his sense and his honesty: for a man must either be very foolish, or very spiteful, that takes pleasure in giving countenance to such loose and general reproaches. Indeed I never knew a calumniator who was not guilty of the very same, or worse offences himself, than those which he would gladly attribute to his neighbour. A good mind never wishes ill to any body, even to his enemies; whereas those who are destitute of abilities for nobler pursuits, are contented to live by stabbing the reputation of their fellow-

fellow-creatures!—'Tis too true, the adder, the viper, and the crocodile, are more dangerous than the ox, the horse, or the lamb; but this is their nature, and not the effect of neglect, indifference, or a wicked heart. This diversifies a beautiful harmony in nature; but that variegates a scandal to humanity. Man certainly was made for nobler purposes than that of murdering his brother's reputation, or destroying his peace of mind; but has he not abased himself below the brutes of the field? Surely he has; the latter obey the Father of the universe, by not deviating a single step from nature's command, and their own humble sphere; but the former ravages every where, and wages war not only against the inhabitants of the earth, but even against the very Being that made him; and I have not the least doubt, had his power and dominion equalled his pride, his ambition, and his impudence, but he would have long ere now confined the Deity himself as his slave!

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• Dear Juliâ, my letter now begins to grow as long as my arm, so I believe it is time to finish it by telling you that my heart, in its last beating moments, will throb towards you and your virtues.

Adieu,

EDWIN.

L E T.



## L E T T E R V.

From JULIA to EDWIN.

EDWIN,

*Bath, July 6, 1787.*

I READ your last letter with my eyes full of tears, and sealed the truth of it with deep sighs from the bottom of a sorry heart:—How happy should I be, could I compensate for the miseries of your past life, and mark with delight and love the days you have still to live!—Poverty still keeps me on the pinnacle of misery, and I am afraid ever will.—However, let us not create events, but wait them patiently. I am comforted on reflecting that there may be many as miserable, or perhaps more so than we. 'Tis true, we are two unfortunate creatures, still in the hands of unknown fate; but we may yet drink at the cup of bliss. Good-fortune

is always at the door of her garden ; by and by perhaps she will call us in. Her lovely invitation will be just as agreeable in a year hence as now ; and our happiness here, should it commence and end both the same day, will appear just as long at the period of our present existence, as if it had lasted an age.—The time past is so swift it cannot be overtaken ; the present so intricately subtle, that no man can hold it, and the time to come so precariously uncertain, that none living can claim a single hair's breadth of it. When we reflect on the small portion of time allotted us on this planet, to render us fit inhabitants of a more noble one, we will be astonished at our neglect and indifference ; and surely we would censure all created beings, were they guilty of such negligence as we are.

The Preserver of all placed us here to be good and happy, and has furnished us abundantly with every thing requisite for our being so ; but how miserable do we render ourselves ?

ourselves? What multitudes of us are even destitute of the common necessities of life, while millions are dying, I may say almost, of an indigestion! Nature produces plenty for all her children; but the cursed politics of man will not let them enjoy it. The designing, the artful, and the interested, who make and break their laws, without a proper idea of virtue, which they often call vice, and of vice which they often call virtue, in order the better to suit their own purposes, have in all ages been the scourge of the human race. What do our good laws benefit us when we put them into the hands of monsters who do every thing but justice? or what advantage does a poor man reap from them, when he is obliged perhaps to give more than his worth to some pettifogger, before his ever-so-just cause can be heard?—But enough of this at present, as I must give you a short account of Bath, and so conclude this letter.



It is a fine town, with the word *Lodgings* written over the lintels of almost every door, or suspended on a square or oval board, from the window. The generality of the inhabitants are dignified coachmen, valets, &c. who are extremely proud when raised to the learned vocation of letting lodgings. They are ill-bred, lazy, indolent, and amazingly weak in their intellects, but oppressive, imposing, and very censorious. Some of them who are not worth mentioning, make it their business to buy up another's debts for one fifth under value, sell them again for full principal and interest; thus will three or four of them join and arrest a stranger, and involve him in all the difficulties imaginable; but I trust the period is not at a great distance when they will meet their just desert.

Whenever a person of any calling, who is not overloaded with gold, chances to come amongst them, they combine and use all the clandestine methods which hell can invent to injure him; and if his abilities are in the  
least

least conspicuous, he is sure to suffer for it. —They are never at a loss to verify that judicious remark of Swift :—" You may " know, (says he) whenever a real genius " appears in the world, *by this mark, that all " the dunces are in confederacy against him.*" Many are the instances which I could deduce to prove what I have said ; but from what I understand, that is reserved for an abler pen, I mean the gentleman who has sufficiently experienced a treatment there, scandalous to human nature, but more particularly so to some of the Bathonians.—I would not be understood that they are all alike ! Heavens forbid ! I have met with many worthy people amongst them, who are as great an honour to humanity as those whom I have hinted at, are a disgrace to religion, charity, and themselves !

Charity, did I say ! that benign power designed by God himself, to cheer and comfort us here below, and to stamp his glorious

image on our minds, that celestial fire which  
glows in the souls of the truly good !

How shall I sing thee, how describe thy charms,  
Celestial, like thy glorious Author bright !  
Whose spirit still th' enraptur'd bosom warms  
Of saints, and angels, in the realms of light !

Thou art not the vain boast of prodigality,  
nor the showy parade of ostentation ! Thou  
hidest thyself as it were in the bosom of the  
unknown ; and when thou makest thy appear-  
ance, the cloud in which thou descendest,  
knowing itself not worthy of thee, is quite  
ashamed of thy condescension !—Charity !  
thou art not the product of a humourous  
moment ; neither canst thou be displayed by  
the capricious whims of a cold heart. The  
hypocrite pretends to know thee, and his  
specious mask may deceive the ill-judging  
crowd, but his breast was never the place of  
thy residence : thou residest in the serene  
and benevolent heart, and art that virtue  
truly styled its own reward !

May't



May'st thou my heart inspire, my passions rein,  
 May my soul ever own thy gentle sway;  
 For without thee, all other means were vain;  
 To reach the regions of eternal day.

Thou art that love which suffereth long,  
 which is kind and envieth not, and which  
 rejoiceth in the truth; which can think no  
 evil, neither delight in revenge!

Sir, let me know if your father and mother are still alive, and tell me why you left them; I know I can make free with you. You are the first man I ever loved, and I trust you will be the last. My heart pants secretly after the happiness of one day becoming yours; and I am sure, were we both in the city of Paris, you should soon have my hand, as you have had my heart long ago. We should neither ask priest nor father to be present at the ceremony; we would leave that bondage to those who are afraid of one another.—Our sincere and unfeign-

ed vows to Heaven would be our witneſſes,  
and a continual obſervance to pleaſe one  
another, ſhould be the only proofs of our  
matrimony.

Farewell. Think on

JULIA.

L E T.

## L E T T E R VI.

## E D W I N's A N S W E R.

DEAR JULIA,

*Paris, July 14, 1787.*

I HAVE often been told that my mother, who was of the G— family, was one of the most beautiful women of her time, and from what I can understand, the name of Augustus was not bestowed on Octavius Cæsar with a more universal approbation, than the name of a topping Venus was bestowed on her; but beauty without virtue is like a whited sepulchre, or poison preserved in a box of gold; it often proves fatal to its possessor, as it did to my poor unfortunate mother, who died of grief soon after she saw me, leaving me to the various scenes of misery and adversity.—She was seduced by Lord —, by whom she had me, and a girl who



who died soon after its mother, though I had the misfortune to be saved as it were for the days of persecution and affliction!—Oh! Julia, what I have suffered! If ever I spent an agreeable hour, it was in your sweet company; and may Heaven reward him who was the instigator of our separation!

When first those beauties caught my sight,  
Which shine so bright in you;  
And promis'd me delight,  
I thought that promise true.

Kind were your looks, if e'er I gaz'd,  
Or caught a transient view;  
Warm'd by those smiles my hopes were rais'd,  
On which my passion grew.

So thus my mind deluded rov'd,  
No other joys I knew;  
Whate'er I lov'd, whate'er I priz'd,  
Was center'd all in you.

My father, or rather the instigator of all my woes, died some years ago, and my mother-in-law, who is a scandal to her sex, will not  
suffer

suffer me to have my own right; it being in a great measure left to her option either to give or keep it from me, and my relations look very indifferently upon me because I am poor.—Poverty, you know, Julia, is unavoidably incident to human life; and he is overloaded with folly, who thinks it a fault, because it is a calamity which will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight. He who was never acquainted with adversity has only seen the world on one side, and is consequently ignorant of half the scenes of nature. Those who have never been scourged with Poverty's rod, are totally unable to paint her; and, in my opinion, are utter strangers to the happiness which accrue from abundance. Can the greasy and stuffed appetite of a Dives, relish the good things of this life, as well as the empty stomach of a poor starved Lazarus? Surely no. Heaven has often granted the poor man's portion so delightful, that the rich would willingly forsake his to participate of it.

I should

I should be glad if you would continue your remarks on Bath, and inform me how you and your uncle agree. I hope it will soon be in your power to come and see me; and be assured, if ever I am favoured with that happy moment, nothing less than death shall ever separate us. Troubles and sorrows may intervene, but they shall never destroy a single grain of that love and friendship between dear Julia and

EDWIN.

L E T.



## L E T T E R VII.

From J U L I A.

S I R,

*Bath, July 22, 1787.*

**T**O be happy and to think so, is the same thing; and to do good, or earnestly to wish it to any one, though not in the power to assist him, is, I believe, equally the same to the wellwisher, though not so beneficial to the distressed. That I wish you every blessing which Heaven can bestow on the innocently injured, I believe you have no reason to doubt. If the prayers and good wishes of a sincere heart can claim a comfort from the comforter, I hope you will not be wanting; and if you and I patiently bear our misfortunes, and submissively resign ourselves, and leave our just cause to Him who wanteth

wanteth no witness, there can be no doubt,  
but we shall be eased of our burden as soon  
as He sees we have been worthy to bear it.

You seem desirous that I should continue my remarks on Bath, therefore I flatter myself that the following lines, written by the ingenious Mr. Anstey, and placed on the pump in the great pump-room, will be in no wise unacceptable to you :

Oh! pause a while, whoe'er thou art,  
That drink'st this healing stream ;  
If ere compassion o'er thy heart  
Diffus'd its heavenly beam.

Think on the wretch, whose distant lot  
This friendly aid denies ;  
Think how, in some poor lonely cot,  
He unregarded lyes !

Hither th' afflicted stranger bring,  
Relieve his heart-felt woe,  
And let thy bounty, like this spring,  
In genial currents flow.

So

So be thy years from want and pain,  
 And pining sickness free;  
 And thou from Heav'n that debt obtain,  
 The poor man owes to thee.

Such a pathetic apostrophe is not the production of a wit, but of a real genius. Indeed, there is a material difference between the former and the latter. A wit may humourously relate a pretty story, but a genius can easily invent an instructive lesson. The former may please the illiterate, but the latter makes profelytes of the sensibly learned. A wit is always a great dealer in plagiarism, but a real genius detests that sort of commerce, except it is to bring what he borrows to perfection. The one is often guarded, subtle, intricate, and rude; whereas the other is full of simplicity, ease, and a becoming politeness. The former is disagreeable, often ill-natured, and persecutingly severe; but the latter generous, forgiving, and candidly open. The one is sought after by poltroons, esteemed by gigglers, and caressed



ressed by low satirists ; but the latter is distinguished in the world by the multitude of dunces and dolts who never fail to combine against him.—A real genius does not often make his appearance on the stage of life but wits start up, just like chickens hatched in the ovens of Egypt.

I must now finish my letter, and bid you adieu till the next opportunity.

JULIA.

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L E T T E R   V I I I .

From EDWIN to JULIA.

DEAR JULIA,

*Paris, July 29, 1787.*

IA. **L**ANGUOR of spirits, and infirmities of the body, with other circumstances, often hinder me from writing to you; yet be assured that an unfeigned love kindles a greater fire than ever in my breast for you.

E T. I believe I told you in a former letter, that my only friend, young Lord ———, was dead.—A death which deprived me of more than a brother; I mean a real friend, and bereft the world of a fine young man, who had a soul as great as Cæsar's, the tongue of a Cicero, and that charity spoken of in the blessed book; that ease, good-breeding, politeness,

politeness, and affability, so much talked  
 in societies, and so little known.—His soul  
 was inflamed with an ardent desire of render-  
 ing all his own species happy, and his conver-  
 sation enlivened all around him. His mind  
 was stored with the noblest sentiments of  
 virtue, piety, and true religion. He was  
 blessed with a quickness of parts, and a soli-  
 dity of understanding, added to a profound  
 judgment, which most men are unable of ac-  
 quiring.—In short, he was one of those men  
 who are born to be the wonder of the age  
 they live in. He had a facility peculiar to  
 himself, in explaining mysteries and resolv-  
 ing doubts, with the glorious quality of a  
 good genius almost approaching to inspira-  
 tion; and doubtless he is now in that king-  
 dom, where one man does not tyrannize  
 over or oppress another; where the master  
 and the servant are alike, and where the  
 slave is freed from the oppression of his  
 lord; where the profligate and the debauchee  
 are excluded, and where the wicked and the  
 ungodly cannot enter!—Julia, such a cha-  
 racter



racter as I have just now been painting to  
 you, very seldom appears on the stage of  
 life; yet I can assure you, such a one was  
 that of Lord ———. No man was ever  
 more capable of true friendship than he,  
 looking on others just as brothers and sisters  
 with himself, and ever ready to assist the  
 distressed, adding, *charity is still the same on*  
*whom ever it is bestowed.* He was not one of  
 those who flatter the rich and despise the  
 poor; on the contrary, he was happy in every  
 society, and never thought it below him to  
 associate with the good, were their condition  
 in life ever so mean. Kind to the meanest  
 object, and grateful to the Being of beings  
 for his own exaltation, he was an ornament  
 to all his species, and the most perfect model  
 of our blessed Lord, that perhaps appeared  
 since his ascension; and doubtless he is now  
 a stupendous admirer of Him, who was pleas-  
 ed to instil such noble virtues into his breast!  
 —Slander, which many seem to delight in,  
 and with which the world is often so well  
 pleased, even though they profess to despise  
 it,

it, was in the greatest abhorrence and detestation with him. I never heard him speak evil of any one, but often have I heard him bemoan the condition of the wicked. Indeed he was too generous to wound his brother's character, or aim at the unhappiness of the most unworthy. Gratitude and charity had engraved their names and powers on his very soul, which enabled him to say, I shall suppress the hasty emotions of anger, and bear with silent dignity what the vile and the wicked may advance against me. Conscious of my own integrity, and happy in my own soul, I can rejoice in saying, that I wish not for a more free pardon from the Judge of all, than what I bestow on every one, who has endeavoured to injure me.

On the sixth of November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five, and in the twenty-second year of his age, Lord —— paid the debt of nature. The physicians who attended him ushered in bottle upon bottle, which he was forced to take, when I  
am

am almost persuaded that nature would have safely restored him, had she not been turned out of her course.—I shall ever remember the morning he died, and the speech he made.—He called me into his room, and said, Dear and loving friend, I am now going the way of all men, and I need not tell you that to be truly happy is to be virtuous; to live a godly life is only to follow the dictates of reason and our own conscience, and to die well, is nothing but the produce of living well.—So taking me by the hand,—Farewell, Sir! till we meet in [the world of spirits! Heaven's blessing and mine rest on you, and conduct you through this world to that which never ends.—So turning himself to the window, where the sun appeared, O! thy glorious aspect calls me hence!—Eternal Being, the 'soul I am going to give thee back, is as pure and perfect, through Jesus Christ, as the moment when thou gavest it me! Make it a partaker of thy felicity, and as a part of thyself, may

D

it



it return to its whole!—So ended the last moments of this good and great man!

Dear Julia, my present sensations oblige me to subscribe myself your admirer.

EDWIN.

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## L E T T E R IX.

From J U L I A.

EDWIN,

*Bath, August 6, 1787.*

I MUST confess that your last letter drew a flood of tears from my eyes; your friend was certainly a good man, and endued with such virtues as human nature can very seldom boast of; but yet you know the most virtuous, as well as the most reprobate, must pay the debt of nature. Death and the grave make no distinction more than he who instituted them.—When Providence disfigures the bark of our exterior charms, it doubly repays us, by preserving us from a variety of follies and frivolous pursuits which we would have otherwise been weak enough to fall into.

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In

In compliance with your request I have to inform you, that Bath abounds with excellent water, besides its medicinal springs. It is environed by hills, and has a muddy river called Avon, running along the east side of it. The air, particularly in the lower part of the town, is not so good as many imagine, it being impregnated with the steam of the baths, which is very injurious to phlegmatic habits.—The abbey, or cathedral church of Peter and Paul, is a noble but small edifice, and so is the town hall, having Justice represented on its outside, and a few self-chosen aldermen, who are generally as illiterate as consequential, sitting as judges in the inside of it. The inhabitants flock thither just like Scotch geese, to be revenged on one another. You would be astonished how infinitely anxious they are of bringing their most secret affairs before their magistrates; and though multitudes of the quality are continually resorting to Bath, yet you cannot think how ignorant and ill-bred the generality of the inhabitants are; numbers

numbers of them not capable of giving you a civil answer, and multitudes wishing to know the affairs of every body, and to scrutinize into their characters, while it is to be doubted if one amongst a hundred would of themselves stand the test; especially those cowardly, query, quirk, and anonymous squib-authors, who are mean enough to interrogate strangers, and those of whom they know nothing, upon oath, if they were not at such a place, if they did not do such a thing, and if they are not such as they would wish to describe them, &c.

However, there are many of the better sort of people amongst them who would be glad to succour, assist, and befriend the injured or the stranger; but the minds of those good, are poisoned by a certain wretched set too well known to be described.

Dr. Harington and Dr. Clerk, two very ingenious and worthy gentlemen, have the general practice of physick at Bath, and they well deserve it. The son of the first fore-men-



tioned gentleman, Mr. Harington, has published, *An Excursion from Paris to Fontainebleau*, which indeed is extremely well written, and well deserving the perusal of all those who would delight to feast their imagination with a beautiful and rich picture, drawn from nature itself; the author's language is fine and elegant, the periods well turned, the ideas just and amazingly well supported, and every subject in it is nicely handled. I shall endeavour to send you a copy the first opportunity, for I am convinced it will please you very much.

My uncle arrived here yesterday, and I believe we shall leave this city to-morrow, so you may direct for me at Southampton. —He is a hard-hearted man, and totally incapable either of true friendship or love; he says, that of two evils he always chuses the greater, because if the lesser should also fall upon him, he seldom or never feels the weight of it: indeed, he puts me in mind of the Free Masons, who keep all a secret, because



because there is nothing to make public; or of the unmarried ladies who sometimes despise the men, because they cannot get husbands. He judges others by his own bewildered ideas, and condemns the greatest part of the world, because they feel what he was never capable of.—He is silly enough to believe that all men are obliged to act as he does.

Il faut parmi le monde une vertu traitable :  
A force de sagesse, on peut-être blamable.  
La parfaite raison fuit toute extrémité,  
Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété.

We cannot say that he ever cut the buttons out of people's clothes, as old Aaron did; but surely he is fonder of adoring a sack of guineas, than ever the Israelites were in worshipping their calf.—He declares, like too many of his hypocritical brethren, that he is an enemy to luxury, effeminacy, and our foppish customs, and in the pulpit he severely inveighs against them; but, when he gets with a few of his bottle companions, he

changes his tone, expatiates on the superiority of Monsieur's good table and excellent wines ; as also on the insignificant titles and pride of his family, which he possesses to perfection, without the smallest degree of merit in himself.—When he reads prayers, he does it in such an insipid manner, that no body likes, nor indeed can hear him. He always appears uneasy and discontented with himself, his auditors, and his bible, and I am sure he often wishes that *O* was converted into *Amen*.—Do you know that he makes poor Tom, the cook, write a deal of stuff out of old sermon books, which he patches up as a learned production of his own, and while he is reading it from the pulpit, more than three parts of his hearers are snoring around him ; and hang me, if I do not think he envies them !——

I had almost forgot to inform you, that though he is in the eve of life, and has already ushered the most ridiculous nonsense into the world, that could ever drop from

from the pen of a real dunce, he has now commenced a dabbler in rhyme, a whole pamphlet of which he has huddled up, with theological and critical notes, as he terms them; a work full of that diabolical zeal which discovers the immortal secret of damning one half of mankind, in order that the other may be securely saved!

S I R,

I remain your friend

and welwisher,

JULIA.

D 5

LET-



## LETTER X.

From E D W I N.

JULIA,

*Paris, August 14, 1787.*

IT is our duty to think on our approaching hour, and not make a catalogue of other men's follies. I hope it is needless to tell you, that we ought to leave them to him who can best judge them, and who perfectly knows what punishment to inflict for the faults his creatures commit.—I must confess that your observation concerning your uncle is but just, and that one ought not to leave the world without having learnt to be friends with every body, or, at least without a proper sense of a forgiving spirit. Yet I think you should rather impute his spite and ill-nature to his ignorance of good and evil,



evil, than to the wickedness of his heart. If you examine man aright, you will find that his errors and his follies proceed from poverty, want, love, ill-usage, and a desire of being happy, with several other circumstances and occurrences in life, and not from the original depravity of his heart, there being no such a sin.

Nature is just the same in herself this moment, as when the Almighty threw her into being, and I say man has a natural propensity, and an ardent desire to know the truth; and when unable to attain her, he never fails to fabricate a something in her stead. Alas! Julia—Ignorance and superstition engender all the mischiefs which disturb society; and false notions of God, religion and nature, destroy the peace and quiet of the inhabitants of the earth: beings sent here by him who cannot err, were certainly never condemned to pungent want, misery, or a train of similar evils. Our erroneous institutions, added to an impro-

per knowledge of what concerns our peace, constitute the basis and summit of our sorrows. Folly, which is surely nothing but a poverty of the mind, hath in all ages been practised, both by the wise and the foolish, only with this difference ; the former amuse themselves with it in secret, and the latter do it openly, because they have not art and cunning enough to conceal it. I am rather inclined to believe, that raving aloud, and raving softly, make almost the whole difference between the minds of one half of the human species. True wisdom is what we seem to have very little knowledge of ; yea, even so little, that we often mistake her for folly. She is like a piece of metal fallen into the water, because no man can find her, except he searches at the bottom for her. She has two points, the one to discern those things which are false, and the other to know the things which are true. When God asked Solomon in a dream what he should do for him ; his request was, neither riches nor long life, but understanding

standing or wisdom, to discern judgment. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, two of the most celebrated instances of human greatness, if greatness it may be called, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences, and their wisdom in government.

Hippocrates says in one of his letters, that he was sent from Abdera, to cure Democritus of madness ; but when he came there, he was almost convinced by him, that he was the only wise man, and that all the rest of the world were mad, which may convince us, that many a sensible man has been deemed a fool, and many a fool raised to the dignity of a reasonable man by the ill-judging crowd.—Indeed, human knowledge may be put into few volumes, and the truths which we know, may be narrowly comprised. The latter stands not upon the tongues of men, nor is the former able to penetrate an hair-breadth into the dark bosom of futurity. Heaven hath, as it were, kept her secrets



secrets to herself, and the earth has but too sparingly followed her example. It would scarce be credible, had we not the most flagrant instances of it daily, how very little the generality of mankind know of the world they live in, or the machine they move in.—Though we are endued with abilities to know much more than we do, and favoured with reason as a pillar of fire to guide us through the wilderness; yet by neglect and indifference, we continue in that ignorance which engenders all our miseries, and which is the greatest dishonour human nature can garb herself with; because in a great measure, it reduces us below the beasts of the field, whose ignorance is the consequence of their nature, and not the effect of neglect and indifference.

It is neither to catch the admiration of the ignorant, nor to make proselytes of the more sensible, that I now lift my pen. To wish for the former, is below the dignity of common sense, and to hope for the latter, would be



be downright vanity. Merely to expose error and falshood, and to stand votarist for the truth, are I trust the motives which induce me to write and publish these letters; and though my opinion concerning the nature of things materially differs from that of the multitude, yet I flatter myself it is no wise repugnant to good sense. The sentiment of every man is his own prerogative, and consequently no other person is lawfully authorized by nature to abuse it; and if founded on reason, no man is justly privileged to meddle with it. Neither the fallacy of the cunning, nor the sophism of the artful, should ever be suffered to overturn good sense. But, alas! down from the rudest infancy of society, even to the present time, the superstitious dreams of men, who diametrically contradict one another, and even themselves, have I am sorry to say triumphed over both reason and truth; and as it were extinguished that heaven-lighted-lamp in man, which his perfectly wise Creator placed in his soul, to be his guide!

To

To what must we attribute our sorrows, our miseries, and our calamities ? Certainly not to original sin, there being no such a thing. For if God made us wicked from the womb, it would be non-submissive, and daringly impudent on our part, to presume to make ourselves righteous ; or to pray to him who changeth not, to make us good, just after he had been making us bad. We are told that God made man in his own image male and female, and blessed them : then I think after his blessing the serpent must have been very cunning indeed to bring a curse upon them. We are also informed that God saw every thing that he had made, and all was very good. Then can we be so ignorantly foolish as to think that he only saw as it were with the eyes of a man ! Are not we convinced, yea even the lovers of original sin themselves, that he saw from time to eternity, and perfectly knew what would come to pass ? He certainly then would not have said that every thing was good in his penetrating eye, knowing at the same

same time, that all was bad and full of evil at the root, and should declare itself in a few hours after he had pronounced it good!

We are created upright, and have it in our power to act *ad libitum*; when we do well, it is for ourselves; and when we do evil, it shall be placed to our account also. The Being of beings, who is infinitely perfect himself, can receive no benefit from our worshipping him, neither stands he in need of our prayers. Yet as dependant creatures on the Author of all goodness, we ought to live every day, to his honour, glory, and praise. And though in violating his laws, we do not, or cannot grieve him by it, yet we bring ourselves to a just punishment, and draw the reward of iniquity on our own heads.

If reason, the hand-maid of the most High, had been always obeyed, mankind would never have resumed, there would have been no struggles for dominion, or for brutal power:



power: neither should appetite ever have claimed such a predominance. Our pride and follies would not have been lying in the dust. The rich and the ignorant would not have wished to bear sway over the wise and the miserable, which is the custom of this world; but surely, not the injunction of nature!

Thus, Julia, have I briefly told you some of my sentiments, with regard to the divinity of which Christ and his apostles made a full and perfect body, and left it amongst us with his blessing, which will accompany it to the end of the world. But the plagues written in the book, are already pronounced on those, who have changed its periods, writhed its meaning, or added to its volumes: all which I firmly believe to have been done, not only by the Scribes, but also by a set of men, who pretend to know the will of God more than others, and who have been the scourge of empires,

pires, kingdoms and states; yea, who have certainly injured true religion, more than all the atheists and deists that have appeared since the days of our blessed Lord.

Farewell,

EDWIN.

L E T.

L E T T E R X I.

From JULIA to EDWIN.

*Southampton, August 20, 1787.*

SIR,

MANY are the opinions and conjectures I have had of original sin ; but I must confess, that in comparing your sentiments, with those of others on the same subject, I have almost, if not altogether become your profelyte : yet I am at a loss to see the need of a Saviour, if man be created and has remained upright, and has good and evil at his choice :——what creatures we all are, that our thoughts, our words, and our actions, should be so opposite and contradictory to each other. Some affirm, that a certain number of us sinful creatures can only be saved ; and yet those who advance  
so,



so, are silly enough to preach to those, who according to them cannot be saved. Do we think that the Son of God came down in vain, or that he ever wished to enforce laws and duties on his creatures, which they are unable to keep or perform? Surely, if we think so, we are mistaken: and I trust, nay, am confident, that the eternal and incomprehensible Being, who is the fountain of all goodness, and the source of love and mercy, can have no respect of persons, or desire for revenge.—But let me finish this letter, by giving you a short description of Southampton, which we leave in a few days, perhaps to-morrow. It is a small place, but exceedingly pretty during the summer, in which time multitudes of gamblers and fortune-hunters are to be met with. The inhabitants, as at most watering places, are extorting and deceitful, but extremely proud and indolent. They have only a few weeks to make their harvest; but I assure you, they can use the fickle in the most dexterous manner, particularly in the fields

fields of strangers. Their town is very well situated for trade, it having a fine large river almost around it, but on which neither ship nor boat is often to be seen. The pride and vanity of the rich, who are generally taylors, lusty butchers and busy wine-bibbers, have soared with them far above commerce of any kind, except that of defaming the innocent, and befriending the vile; and the poor are so far from being able to traffic in any thing, lying excepted, that they are half starved between their seasons.

The only persons with whom I was intimately acquainted, were a Mr. Johns, his lady and daughter, who are civil and good people, and who are far from possessing any thing of that lying and diabolic spirit of revenge, so well ingrafted in the wicked heart of little Bob —, and perjured Sandy, whom you know very well, and whose epistles prove what they are, and what they would

would do, had they been able, to put their spite and ill-nature into proper execution.

It was only yesterday, that I heard of poor Tristram's misfortunes : he lost all his money amongst them ; and since that, I am informed that he has shot himself. Unfortunate young man ! he was of a good family in the city of York, where he lived till he was twelve years of age, when his father sent him to Edinburgh, and entered him at one of the first schools of the metropolis, as a student of the Latin and Greek languages, in which he made a surprizing progress, and soon after, his friends persuaded him to study physic, in which science he honourably acquitted himself. He had a fine genius, and what the world call an excellent understanding ; but he was too often baffled by little things, and void of that foresight necessary to pass quietly through life. He too frequently made his choice without discretion, and his intimacy without regard, which often made him doubt whether any  
such



such thing as real virtue or honesty ever existed in the world. His eye was generally his guide, and consequently his delight very short ; yet he was quite agreeable, and to appearance every way the gentleman, although in his heart and principles a compleat rake. Nature had endued him with an affable and obliging temper, added to numberless qualifications which might adorn any human creature ; but he had few or no virtues to put them into proper execution. He was my own cousin ; and though we could seldom or never agree, yet Heaven knows I am sorry for his conduct through life, and still more so for the means he has used to bring himself to eternity !

Edwin, I need not tell you that the steps to folly, as well as sin, are gradual and almost imperceptible. When we are once on the decline, we go down without taking notice of it. And indeed, were it not for this, one would never be able to account for those strange infatuations so well inured  
in

in the bulk of mankind, while our hearts are violently set upon any one thing, there is no convincing us, that we shall ever be of another mind. Our passions want no advocates, they are always furnished with plausible pretences; and those very prejudices which give rise to the unreasonable passion, will, for certain, give us obstinacy enough to justify us to continue it.

Please to direct for me at London, as usual, and remember her, who never can forget you.

JULIA.

E

LET.

L E T T E R XII.

From EDWIN to JULIA.

*Paris, August 29, 1787.*

JULIA,

HAD not I been well acquainted with you, and convinced that you are gifted with too much good sense and politeness, to upbraid any person abruptly, or to censure him for differing with you in opinion, I should have concluded that you were in a passion with me when you wrote your last letter; nevertheless I shall not hesitate, with your permission, to say a few words more on the same subject; yet be assured, that I do not wish to give you the smallest offence, neither to differ with you in opinion for argument's sake only, but for the love which I bear to truth and your sweet person.

You



You say that you confess yourself at a loss to see the need of a Saviour, if man be created upright and perfect, and hath good and evil at his choice.—You know we are told in the word, that without the law, sin is not imputed to us; and I believe there are many thousands who keep the law, not according to the letter, but according to conscience. For to break a thing, we must do it willingly, otherwise it cannot be our fault. Christ himself said, that neither this man nor his parents did sin; and the young man who came to him, told him that he had kept all the commandments up from his youth; yet we do not find that our blessed Lord, who certainly knew the nature and evil of sin, denied it; and I believe no one can doubt, had he parted with his riches, which was certainly in his power to do, but he would have been permitted to follow the Lord. Surely he never asked any thing at the hands of mortals, but what they could perform:—I say again, that man has a free will, to do what is right in the eyes of

his God and fellow travellers ; otherwise, why do we blame a brother or sister, if he or she trespasses, or runs willingly into error? I think every reasonable person must agree with me in proving, that this would be needless, yea, even a folly, if we are denied the power of doing good.—When God gave us the law, or in other words, when he wrote it on the heart of a good man, and gave him authority to deliver it to us, he surely gave it for the happiness of all those who would embrace it, with a desire to keep it. He is not a hard task-master, his yoke is easy, and his burthen light ; and his reward equally the same to those who come penitentially at the eleventh hour, as to those who come at the sixth or tenth. The commands of God (which his blessed Son summed up in this, *Love Him and your Neighbours,*) are nowise contradictory to reason or good sense. Had we studied them properly, and imitated their glorious author, we should have no use for acts of parliament, nor a set  
of

of men who pretend to be the teachers of the people, but who indeed make them err!

Julia, is it because our old grandfather had the misfortune to eat, or rather to taste a bit of a sour apple, that we, his innocent offspring, *granting it were so*, should suffer? Heavens forbid that either you or I should give place to such an inconsistent notion, or attribute such an absurdity to the God of heaven. If we properly reflect on his great power and omnipotence, we will blush and be ashamed for assuming the presumption of ascribing passions to him, which none but material beings, and even the vilest of them could harbour! In short, let me ask the world if our blessed Lord who never once mentioned original sin, has not more honour and glory in saving mankind from their actual and voluntary transgressions, which none could expiate but himself, than in saving them from what they never committed? He breathed that charity and love in all his works, which we seem to know little about: Had all who



bear his name faithfully imitated his example and precepts, this now miserable world would be a paradise indeed! But, alas! a found pretension, and a real belief, are two very different things. Man instead of making himself and others happy, exerts all his powers to oppress and render the human species miserable! He boasts of his riches, his power, his wisdom, and his strength; but what use does he make of them, if it be not to multiply his slaves, load the widow, the fatherless, and the indigent with misery and sorrow, and to look with indignity and disdain on the poor wretch who drops a tear, for want of a morsel of bread! O sinful man, remember thy latter end! Perhaps to-morrow, thou mayst knock thyself at that door for mercy and compassion, where the Judge of heaven will deny thee both consolation and admission. Consider that thou art made up of no better clay than another; and although thou mayest have a flattering title, seriously reflect, and continually remember that God gave it not thee, but a worm like thyself,

thyself, who, perhaps, is now, where thou must soon go!

Julia, I must also tell you, and I hope it is, and ever will be true, that I adore with admiration and astonishment the three blessed person of the mystical Trinity, because the Son of God left the sacred number on record; but how am I lost in amazement and oblivion when I would define what they are, and prove them to be one as he also has said! This is one of the grand secrets mortals never could, nor can comprehend while in the body; and what we may do hereafter, the living do not know, and the dead will not tell us if they can; it is kept in the inner courts of heaven, and doubtless it will remain there for the unforeseen, but wise purposes of the never-erring Being.—As you think, Julia—!!!

Eternal punishment is what I cannot believe in; yet I, or any other person of common sense can never deny, but that every

one will be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body, our punishments will be adequate to our crimes, and our rewards in proportion to our good deeds, or our sincere and unfeigned desire for heavenly things. But I think that it is highly absurd to suppose, that a good and wise God who is full of mercy, and indeed cannot be otherwise, will condemn his creatures to everlasting punishment, when man himself has such charity and feeling, that he cannot even look on the fruit of his body, though ever so undutiful, one single hour in agonies, without dropping a bitter tear ! From whom have we drawn this charity and feeling, if not from the inexhaustible source of all goodness ? Do we not in loving and forgiving one another fulfil the command of God, and even our own conscience ! yea, do not the most abandonedly wicked, who seldom shew mercy themselves, commend it in others ! And yet, can we the children of dust, be so very arrogantly presumptuous



sumptuous and irreverent as to impute less mercy and charity to the fountain of these virtues, than to ourselves!! That secret power who guides the brutes, teacheth the dog to be his own physician, with myriads of other wonders, too many of which pass unnoticed by us, for want of being properly considered; I say, that Almighty Being who protects the widow and the fatherless, the indigent and the oppressed, who comforts the mourner, and sets the prisoner free, hath, I would fain hope, never annexed damnation to our follies, or made eternal punishment, the consequence of our errors!

That the scriptures have been corrupted, interwoven with fable misinterpreted, and frequently explained in a very erroneous manner, I shall endeavour to prove in some of my letters to you; and I am more than sorry to add, that it will neither require much education, philosophy,

( 86 )

or sound reasoning so to do.—I would be exceedingly glad, Julia, if you would favour me with a few of your remarks on London, &c.

Farewell,

EDWIN.

L E T.

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L E T T E R XIII.

From J U L I A.

*London, September 7, 1787.*

EDWIN,

I READ your letter with an infinite and secret satisfaction to myself, and I think it ought to be considered as an abstract and brief chronicle of the most sublime sentiments of true philosophy and refined religion. But as I am in a poor state of health I shall decline the intricate subject which seems to be reserved for your pen; and I shall subscribe myself your ever loving friend after I have said a few words of London. But dear Sir, be persuaded that I was never angry with you. No, Edwin, far be it from my thoughts.

E 6

London



London is an exceeding large city, but infinitely more rich than beautiful or agreeable. The people, pleasures (if one may be allowed to call them so,) and foppish customs in it, are almost infinite. The generality of the better sort of its inhabitants are very honest, agreeable, polite, and obliging; but the lower class, who have been banished, excommunicated, and whipt from several country places, are sharpers, cheats, and swindlers.

The attornies, gamesters, quacks, pick-pockets, profligates, and gipsies are innumerable, and surprizingly crafty. The brick-dust merchants, the walking fishmongers, the hackney coaches, and the bells are in perpetual motion; and put me in mind of Rubens' picture of the last judgment, where men, women, boys, geese, foxes, and sheep, are all jumbled together without distinction.

The

The last Monday, as I and Miss A—— were going down the Strand, we met *Illused*, who frankly invited us to dine with him, as also my uncle. He told us that he had been at Bath for some time, but had left it entirely on account of the ill usage he had met with from a printer, who makes the world believe that he is the saint of the place. This swindler, added he, came one morning into my room while I was at breakfast, with the most pleasing countenance ever an ugly hypocrite could put on.—Ah! Sir, I am glad that I see you so well, and still more so, that I hear thro' all the town, that you have got the better of your enemies, and made liars of them. If you want any thing printed, I am ever ready to oblige you, or if you are short of cash, the little which I can spare is at your service; but I was sorry to hear your character traduced this morning by a common fellow of a hair-dresser, who goes from ale-house to ale-house, reporting that you owe him two pounds sixteen

teen shillings, and have refused to pay him. *Indeed!* replies Mr. S——, Mr. G——, that cannot be, for I agreed with him for only six shillings a month, and I can produce his own receipts that I never gave him any more; so I think he cannot justly charge me the sum you now mention. Sir, says the printer, you are a professional gentleman, so therefore I would advise you as a friend to make no words about it, neither to contend with such mean wretches; I have paid the money for you myself, so there is a receipt in full of all demands from the hands of the barber. You know that you owe me one pound nineteen and eightpence; so if it is not convenient for you to pay it at present, I have no objections to take your promissory note payable on demand for the whole, and be assured, Sir, that I shall not negotiate it, neither shall I ask you for it, till quite convenient to yourself; for I believe you to be a man of principle, and whatever some may advance to the contrary, you may rely on my friendship;



ship; for indeed I think you have been shockingly dealt with, and I am really very sorry for it, but if you mind yourself, and take care, there is no fear of your doing well. S—— thanked G—— very sincerely for his kindness to him, as a young man and a stranger, who had not met with the best of treatment at Bath, as many can testify.

The printer then drew a stamp out of his pocket, and asked S—— if he would accept five shillings from him, which would make a neat sum, namely, five pounds and eight-pence, which was more easy to write than four pounds fifteen and eight-pence.— S—— said he had no objections, so the printer wrote the note, S—— signed it, and thus the saint retired more satisfied than before.

A day or two after S—— saw his hair-dresser, who told him, that G—— the printer persuaded him, who indeed could  
not

not want a little cash in his pocket, to take ten shillings for the two pounds sixteen, and give him a receipt as if he had received the full sum. To this the poor barber reluctantly consented, adding in his narrative to S——, that he should never have done it, had not G—— swore to him, that S—— was positively to leave the town in a day or two, which surely was not his intention.—Lord! Mr. Snailom, can this be true!—*True, Sir!* yes, and I shall send for him if you please.—Heavens deliver me! exclaims S—— who should have thought such a thing of G—— the musical saint! Alas, alas! how few good men, how few honest men are there who tread our globe! Should it be wondered at, if the Almighty should extirpate this race of beings from the face of the earth, and give it to those who would be more worthy of it!

But the most laughable part of the story is yet to come.—The said night about eleven o'clock as S—— was going to bed, he was  
sent

sent for in post-haste to wait on a lady, who to all appearance had arrived at her last moments, but to his great *astonishment*, he was accosted by a sheriff's officer almost immediately after he got out of his own lodgings, who told him that he was sorry to inform him, he had a warrant against him.— You must be mistaken, or in jest, Sir, says S——. By no means, Sir, there it is, and I am really sorry for your misfortune, but I hope you will soon get over it. *Over it!* I declare I do not understand you; therefore I beg you would explain the matter to me freely:—Yes, I shall, on conditions that you will go into this house, where you must lodge all night. Very well, replies S——, let us go.

Mr. S——, says the bailiff, G—— the printer has transferred a promissory note signed by you, over to a stable-keeper, to whom, as he says, you owe seven pounds and upwards. The said stable-keeper went to a certain attorney, and made affidavit, that



that with that note, you owed him twelve pounds and upwards, which I assure you Sir, is the real cause of your arrest. Astonishing indeed, says S——, are these the laws of England? Are the liberties of a people who style themselves free, on such a perilous and slippery foundation, that any avaricious rascal has it in his power, to deprive whom he pleases of liberty, and consequently of every other comfort!—What crime will confine us to the dungeon for life except debt, which many an honest man cannot pay! The murderer, the thief, and the highway-man, are in a great measure more favourably dealt with, than the unfortunate debtor!

Edwin, I beg your pardon for having digressed so widely from the subject with which I began; but as I have no more to say on it at present, only to tell you, that the London ladies are many of them very handsome, but they deem weaving and needle work pernicious to the eyes! The people  
in

in general are mistrustful ; and indeed one cannot justly blame them for being so, for I am convinced there are more thieves, rogues, and vagabonds amongst them, than among any other set of people in Europe. They do not slander one another so completely as in the country ; but I attribute that to want of time ; there being such a hurry and bustle about insuring lottery-tickets, attending the boxing matches, and visiting spouting and disputing clubs :—Yet the inclination is still as good. The word *property* is oftener used in this country, than any other ; and he is deemed a fool and a rascal who wants it :—but if the greatest idiot, rogue, or debauchee has it, they call him learned, worthy, great, and even a *gentleman*, let his actions be ever so bad.

I remain your loving friend

and welwisher,

JULIA.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

FROM EDWIN.

*Paris, Sept. 16, 1787.*

LOVELY JULIA,

**I**T gives me much concern to hear of your being so poorly ; I beg you would not delay a moment from consulting some learned and honest physician, who neither wishes to pick your pocket, nor pompously to jumble ingredients together which abhor union.—Nature is seldom or never the assistant of those who would flog her : she will do more by gentle methods than by force, which is a plain proof that her great Author formed her to be *ad libitum* ; and would she not have invariably remained so, had all her children followed her example?—A bushel  
of



of encomiums may be spent on a simple fellow ; a box of pills or a bottle of drugs, while it is nature not turned out of her path, that is entitled to the praise. I can assure you from an undoubted authority, and the most glaring experience, that the generality of the physicians are very great dunces, and yet as self-conceited beings as ever disgraced an art or profession. They have a formal obstinacy and an empirical irregularity, without either natural precedent or justifiable example ; and they call *Philosophy* what does not deserve the name of common sense : a parcel of unmeaning stuff which in the common phrase has neither head or tail, and consequently must be without a middle.

Our blessed Lord thought it not below him to dedicate a great part of the time, he was pleased to sojourn amongst us in curing the sick, and bestowing one of the greatest blessings Heaven ever bestowed on the sons of earth, I mean *health*, which makes me conclude that the office of a physician is equally sacred

sacred if not more so, than that of a clergyman, and undoubtedly it is much more beneficial to society at large. We only read of one sermon which Christ preached, but we read of many cures he performed. Indeed none ever asked his advice in vain, or went away without their demand, when properly sought for.

Julia, what I am going to tell you, carries something of improbability in the face of it, but I assure you it is really true.—A young gentleman being at the college, fell in love with a servant girl, in consequence of which love carried too far, he was obliged to quit his relations, who denied him the common necessaries of life, and threatened to make him a soldier against his will, with a long *et cætera*.—He went to a trading town in the Island of Great-Britain (where there are certainly many able physicians) and got acquainted with all the doctors of physic in it. They wished him to become their instructor. These diploma-men were five in number, and  
not

not one of them could perfectly read Cordery's Colloquies, or Græcæ Sententiæ; and indeed I am suspicious that one half of the faculty any where, cannot justly cast a stone at their learned brethren whom I have just mentioned. I am sure their Latin deserves the name which the common people give it, *Dog Latin*. I have a handful of their prescriptions now by me, which I declare would make an old afs laugh, if he knew the nominative from the accusative case. Who in the name of common sense would substitute lines, angles, curves, circles, squares, octagons and blots, in place of Latin? *R* for take, *an* for equal quantities, *Cc* for harts-horn. These hieroglyphics may as reasonably signify, *Run for an afs to cut my corns*.— I must own that it is more easy and convenient for those who wish to keep their art a secret, and who cannot write Latin, to abbreviate than write in full length, in case their ignorance should be detected by those very people who now revere them for that knowledge which they never possessed. Ignorance



rance is scandalous in a learned profession, and is always sure to have the boldest face, because it is the mother of impudence and error; but it should not always be an excuse for faults, since we have the power of knowledge.

Doubtless there are several gentlemen of the faculty very learned, yea more so than any other set of men in the world; and indeed they ought, for their calling requires it. Physic is surely the most difficult and intricate science under the sun, and consequently the least known; although we never meet with a person who is not gifted with a something of the *doctor*. He or she can tell you, what is good for more than a half dozen of disorders in a couple of minutes; and if you appear dubious of their skill, you highly affront them!

When I was at the colleges of Edinburgh and Paris, I knew numbers of dunces, especially students in physic, who were so ignorant

rant of the Roman language, that they could not translate their own Thesis, but were obliged to get some school-boy or other to do it for them; whose knowledge, too often procures many diplomas for those who ought to blush in putting any initial after their names, except F.R.S. which I believe may signify a fellow remarkably stupid, or the foolish remains of a simpleton, who is weak enough to believe that a licence, or credentials from an university, can infuse knowledge into a thick pate, without having ever studied, or perhaps without having ever seen the seminary from which he derives his authority to try experiments on, and kill a suffering part of humanity.

Our quack medicines, our brewers, our bakers, and a set of men who pretend to have arrived at a competent knowledge of physic, only from making pills, filling bottles, and running through the town with bladders and gallipots, send us to the grave in multitudes; and we composedly say, *The will of the Lord be done!*—but we should add,

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*The will of such men be not done!*—What sensible man would send his watch to be repaired by a tinker, who is but speculatively acquainted with its movements, or the causes of its motion; but how many apparently sensible men trust their lives in the hands of drug-venders, who are totally ignorant of anatomy, the difference between natural, violent, absolute, and relative motion, and who are as well acquainted with the mechanism of the human frame, and have as often seen its inside, as they have seen the pyramids of Egypt in England!—Is it because a man sells medicines, that he should know their nature and properties, or their effects on different constitutions?—Why, I should just as soon trust to a cheese-monger, or a tallow-chandler, because either of these has the same chance to know as much of the nature of physic as a drug-vender.

A man can never be a good physician without being able to consult the great oracle of physic; I mean, without he can read



read the ancients. Hippocrates, Celsus, Galen, Alexander of Trallis, &c. &c. are the most perfect models, and the most just copiers of nature. They were not only men of vast genius, but of the greatest diligence, and unwearied application: and one of them could learn and explain more in a year, than many of us could in an age. They have given us the true picture and naked truth of things, whereas most of their followers have affected a daubing by which they have given us a portrait in no wise like the original, and which consequently can be of little use to us.—A person who cannot give a proper definition of the terms of his own art or profession, must in my opinion know very little of it. I own that a man may have a hog'shead of languages at his command, and still be a novice in physic, or any other science; but I am likewise persuaded, that without a knowledge of the dead languages, a man can know very little or nothing about it. Men should study the meaning of words, before they pretend to

be connoisseurs in the nature of things ; for can any sensible person suppose that he can ever define the figure, nature, and mode of things, without being previously acquainted with the signs or characters which represent them ? The most learned man often finds his skill baffled ; and though numbers flourish infallibility about almost every composition, yet upon a minute trial we will find few or no ingredients answer our expectations ; because there is no such a thing as absolute certainty in the practice of physic ; and I am sure, since the days of Galen, that we owe all the most useful discoveries ever made in it to mere chance, and not to those at whose hands we should have most expected it.

Julia, it is both easier and safer to preserve health than to restore it. There is no such a thing as sickness in nature, she may undo her part in some degree, when she is imposed upon, but she never made a creature that we should mend it. When she wants the help of art and cannot obtain it, the fault remains

remains with us, and not with her. Her demands are simple and just; but our knowledge of them is so imperfect and confined, that we too frequently mistake them for things of a very different nature. She is the surest friend of all her children, and never deceives them till they deceive themselves.

I cannot believe that ever the Divine Being intended that we should send three or four thousand miles for our preservatives and restoratives; I am rather inclined to think that there is every thing in the island of Great-Britain requisite for the support and relief of all its inhabitants; but the misfortune is, that we study every thing, and learn next to nothing at last. We convert things which are really simple in themselves into the most abstruse sciences, and we study the languages, the history, the manners, and customs of other nations; yea, even the nature of their produce, and neglect our own, which in reality is a species of insanity.



Health is nothing but the faculty of performing all the actions proper to a human body, in the most perfect manner ; or a due velocity of the blood in the arteries and veins of a living body. When one part of the machine is disordered, the others suffer ; or when any of its parts loses action, the whole threatens to follow it.—When Satan was invested with power to tempt Job, we find that neither the loss of his children, nor the destruction of his cattle, had any more effect upon him than that of rending his mantle, and shaving his head ; adding, naked came I into this world, out of my mother's womb, the earth, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord !—But soon after he was deprived of his health, we find him cursing both the day and services of his birth, and beseeching God not to regard it from above ; neither to let the light shine upon it, because it shut not up the doors of his *poor* mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from his eyes.—Upon my word, I must confess myself

self totally at a loss to know what Job meant by venting his passion in such a very singular manner; for I should think it was impossible for him to be revenged on a day that was past long before he cursed it, or as a certain Irish gentleman once said, long before he was born.—But to return:

You must strive to forget your illness as much as you can, and read some pieces of poetry which sweeten and raise the imagination; but I beg you would not read or study much.

Doux charme de ma solitude,  
Brillante pipe, ardent fourneau,  
Qui purge d'humeurs mon cerveau,  
Et mon esprit d'inquiétude.

Tabac, dont mon ame est ravie,  
Lorsque je te vois perdre en l'air,  
Aussi promptement qu'un éclair,  
Je vois l'image de ma vie :  
Tu remets dans mon souvenir  
Ce qu'un jour je dois devenir,

N'étant

N'étant qu'une cendre animée,  
 Et tout d'un coup je m'apperçois  
 Que courant après la fumée,  
 Je passe de même qui toi.

Sweet charmer of my solitude,  
 Brilliant pipe, consuming tube,  
 Which clear'ft the vapours from my brain,  
 And my mind from anxious pain.

Tobacco, source of my delight,  
 When I see thee quit my sight,  
 And vanish in the purer air,  
 Like the lightning's quick career;  
 I see the image of my life below,  
 And whether soon my breath must go.  
 By thee I trace in colours strong,  
 That man is nothing but a song;  
 An animated heap of clay,  
 The jest and sport of but a day;  
 That as thy smoke I pass away,  
 An emblem of my own decay.

Julia, although I have sent you the above lines on a tobacco-pipe, be assured I do not wish you should carry a box, or call for a pipe. Snuff is not such a harmless thing as many take it to be, and I believe we owe a  
 great



great number of our disorders to it, and that cursed plant *Tea*, which you ought never to drink above twice a week, and then eat a good deal of bread with it. Bread is not only the staff of life, as nourishment; but as it also corrects, by its acescent quality, the rank juices of animal food, &c. By observing a proper dietetic regimen, you will have very little use for the physician, and still less for the apothecary; you will not only prolong your days, but live and enjoy health;—I say *live*, for one half of the people in England are dead years before they are buried, and seldom or never enjoy life!—Gouts, rheumatisms, nervous complaints, scurvies, declines, consumptions, &c. &c. are their continual attendants, all which I attribute, with many more, to the irregularity of diet. They drink such quantities of tea, and ill-boiled malt liquor, that one man's portion is fit to kill a horse! They eat too much by far at dinner, and consequently have no appetite at supper, a meal which no one that would preserve health ought to go

without. The animal humours naturally run into dissolution and putrefaction, unless prevented and corrected by daily supplies of acescent aliment; a diet merely of flesh, fish, spices and water, will very soon bring on a putrid fever; and the English eat so little bread, soups, &c. and so much half-raw animal food, that I am really astonished how they have any health left them at all.

Health is certainly one of the most precious gifts of Heaven, and ought not to be less worthy our care than the acquiring of riches and honour. It is our duty to be always guarded against the gratification of those passions which may usher ourselves or our innocent offspring, early and unprepared into eternity. We should either bear good fruit, or none at all, and strive to avoid the curse pronounced against the profligate and debauchee, who often make their posterity suffer for their follies, and lament the loss of what is not in their power to retrieve. If we rightly consider the command, *Thou shalt*  
do

*do no murder*, and seriously apply it to ourselves, I am afraid that the greatest part of us will be found guilty, and abusers of that talent which God has given us, and for which we must one day be accountable to him.

That your health, and every other comfort may be restored to you, and that you may enjoy that peace which the world cannot take away, is the unfeigned prayer, and sincere wish, of your real friend, who thanks Providence he is very well.

EDWIN.

F 6

L E T.



LETTER XV.

From J U L I A.

*London, September 24, 1787.*

DEAR EDWIN,

**N**OTHING can give me greater satisfaction than to hear that you are well; and I am also happy to inform you that I am much better myself.—If I may ask you a favour, I beg it may be that of continuing your illustrations upon phyfic and divinity, as also to give me some description of Paris.

In looking over your letters to me, I find that you wish me to give you some account of myself, which I shall briefly do; but I trust that the recital of my misfortunes will not press so heavily upon you, as yours did  
on

on me. The Lord replenish us with that fortitude of mind, which will enable us to despair of the creature, and put our whole confidence in the Creator.

Dieu laissa-t-il jamais les enfans au besoin ?  
Aux petits des oiseaux il donne la pâture,  
Et sa bonté s'étend sur toute la nature.

I was born in Cumberland, and educated at a boarding-school not far from the city of York, where I had the happiness to meet with you. My father was a good husband, a loving friend, and a tender parent; but extremely rigid and severe as to his religious tenets. He had a good and generous soul, but he had likewise the misfortune to pin his faith to the sleeves of a set of men whose memories were stuffed up with lumber and trash, and a heap of useless notions, which pressed so deeply on his soul, that he lost his reason; for the deprivation of which he is now confined; and my poor unhappy mother, oppressed with grief for such irreparable loss, has secluded herself as it were from the world,

world, in an asylum of solitude, with my aunt in the deserts of Cumberland, where she passes her hours in sorrow !

My uncle, the parson with whom I live, was always looked on as an angel of light by my father, who had the imprudence, sometime before the fatal period, to make over his all to him, who I believe will take care to keep the greatest part of it ; for I assure you, that neither my mother, my sister Sophia, or myself, can get so much from him, as will hardly procure the common necessaries of life. He often says, that if I marry Arnold, who is a mere fribble of an officer, lately licensed to wear a read coat, a sword, and ten or twelve yards of ribbon, which he pompously styles a cockade, he will give me four thousand pounds sterling. But I tell *him*, again, that if he could make me empress of the world, and give me power to call the kings of the earth my servants, I would despise the foppish grandeur, for the man I love. Riches shall never triumph  
over



over my happiness ; neither shall it induce me to become a man's upper servant.

Edwin, I am sure I need not tell you, that too many of your sex, as well as of my own, are very despicable beings. Men often think that strength of mind goes along with strength of body, and indeed, I wonder that they have not ranked the sturdiest porters, amongst the wisest of their sex.

'Tis true, men have the power in their hands, so there can be no dispute of their having brains to manage it ! Can we suppose there is such a thing as good judgment or sense upon earth, if it is not to be found amongst them ? Do they not, generally speaking, do all the great actions and considerable business of this world, and leave that of the next to the women ? Justice and injustice are administered by their hands, courts and schools are filled with these sages, and they dispute for truth, as well as argue against it. Histories are written

ten by them, they recount each others great exploits, and have always done so. All famous arts owe their origin to men, even from the invention of guns, to the mystery of *good eating and boxing*:—And to shew that nothing is beneath their care, any more than above their reach, they have brought *gaming* to an art and science much more profitable and honourable, than any of those that used to be called *liberal*! Indeed, what is it they cannot perform, when they attempt it?—When they please, they can make it pass for as sure a mark of wisdom, to drink deep, as to reason profoundly.—But why need I go on this way to you, Sir? I am convinced you are very far from adding to the wretched number I would describe. The happy days which I have spent with you, and the many interesting remarks which you used to make on my sex and your own, are sufficiently convincing proofs, that your principles are drawn from a more reasonable and generous mind. Alas! indeed, if men thought as you do, we women would not have much  
cause

cause to complain, for being of the feminine gender.

My joys like vapours take their flight,  
 My heart grows sad, here's no delight;  
 Dear E—, how can I cease to mourn!  
 O'er scenes long past, ne'er to return?

Before I conclude this letter, I have to inform you, that Miss —— is married to the Rev. Mr. R—— of Bath, who is very obliging and agreeable, and who possesses all the qualities befitting his vocation. His moral character is irreproachable, and his goodness of mind is no ways inferior to it. His friend Miss A—— told me the other day, that her mother-in-law appeared so much hurt at her dear father's death, that she begged Miss to accompany her into France. When we arrived at Lyons, *adds she*, my mother waited on the archbishop, and procured a letter from him to some abbesses, recommending her as one of the faithful, who had agreed to take the veil.

A few



A few days after, she was initiated in the secrets of *Catholicism*.—I shall now, says she, lay down all the splendid distinctions of my birth, and look on earthly honours as mere flattery; I will despise the palace for this prison of happiness; and I shall joyfully pass the days I have to live, in meditating what I shall be hereafter. Delicacy and luxury, to which I was once bound up as a slave, shall now be turned to honest industry, and the hermit's diet. I shall bury all my grandeur in the dust, and shut myself up from this dangerous and wicked world, as one who has injured many of its inhabitants, by destroying what would have done good to multitudes of them. Farewell, dear Miss A——, you need never expect to see me again; go, and let me reflect on what I shall be in the world of spirits!

This was all true, and appeared full of religion; but no sooner had I arrived in England, says Miss A——, than I was informed by letter, from a particular acquaintance in

in Lyons, that my christian mother had broke all her vows on a young Frenchman's back, with whom she had run to Italy, where she now resides, deploring her hours lost in the convent, and protesting she shall never return thither again.

Well, well, Miss A——, replied I, with a smile,

Gaming and love, alike, uncertain are,  
 Merit is often caught in Fortune's snare:  
 And she that has arts, arms, and worth to boot,  
 Must oft give way to the most rustic brute.

Sir, I trust you will excuse my ill-written letter; yea, I doubt not, though with modesty I should not say it, but it will be somewhat acceptable to you, as it comes from the hands of your loving, and sincere friend,

JULIA:

LET-

L E T T E R XVI.

From EDWIN to JULIA.

*Paris, October 10, 1787.*

DEAR JULIA,

I AM much pleased with your last letter, although I must confess, that some part of it drew tears from my eyes. I commend you much for defending your own sex from the artful perfidy of the men, for I really believe you owe your errors and sorrows to us; we are ill-natured, revengeful, and persecuting; but you are in general, open, forgiving, and sympathizing; we pretend to have judgment, but in reality, you have both wit and sense, although some jealous beings of the masculine gender, are too vain to own it. It is very easy to prove, that kingdoms, empires, and



and states, and all the happiness of society depend on you. You harmonize and soften the minds of us men; and refine our manners as well as soothe our imaginations. We have, I am too sorry to say, brought every species of brutality to a high pitch already; but surely enormous, trebly enormous, would have been its size, had you not existed!—Those men who avoid, or but seldom converse with women, are wild, savage, cruel, illiterate, and ill-bred. Their productions, yea, even their very aspects carry a something of ferocious brutality along with them. Indeed, I do not think that the men use you as they ought; but if you reflect a little, you need not be astonished at that; for you see few of them use one another well, and therefore, you need not expect good treatment from them.

God himself allows that the daughters of Zelophehad spake right, and he passes their request into a law; and though man was formed first, that seems as little to prove *her* natural

natural subjection to him, as the living creatures, fishes, birds, and beasts being formed before them both, proves that mankind must be subject to these animals; and tho' St. Paul says a few words on the subject of the man and wife, yet I think, that kind of inferiority which he seems to make, ought to be attributed to the depravity or custom of the times, and not to the original intent of things: neither did he then speak by command, or if he did, should the predominancy of vice ever justify it? 'Tis true, God told Eve, that her husband should rule over her; but that was only foretelling what would be, and not determining what ought to be. He calls Miriam his servant, Mary and Elizabeth, his handmaids! and confers the greatest honours on them that human nature was ever capable of:—And we read of holy women who attended our blessed Lord to his cross, and shewed a constancy, a courage, perseverance, and an ardent zeal, even when the most courageous of his disciples had denied him. Many are the examples

ples which I could deduce to prove, that the women have in all ages surpassed the men, not only in virtue, constancy, and charity, but also in real wisdom, equity, and principle; but however, as I do not expect to make many proselytes amongst a self-conceited, and obstinate generation, I shall at present drop the subject, by proving to you, dear Julia, that, if women are mistaken, men are equally mistaken, if not more so; and if the former knows little, the latter knows as little. But before we discuss upon this point, which doubtless will appear paradoxical to many, let us remember, that the greatest learning is to be wise; and the greatest wisdom, to be good.

By turning over the page of history, we may see that wisdom and truth are not what we take them to be; for we may clearly perceive, that the latter hath been swallowed up by fiction, and consequently the former only remains in word. Improbabilities have taken the place of realities,  
folly



folly and superstition have borne sway in every age, and have been the distinguishing marks of multitudes of those who have had the presumption to term themselves the favourites of Heaven. Our historians, instead of keeping within the bounds of truth and impartiality, have roved into the wilds of romance, flattery and error; and our poets discarding certainties, have egregiously launched into the ocean of fiction. But the greatest of all misfortunes is, that we have too wantonly become their disciples.

In our arguments and debates, we are erroneously mistaken, and yet we will not believe it; what can our arguments and disputes tend to, when we never fix a datum? We may argue for ages and not agree, and we may dispute for years, and not be of accord. We may express the very same ideas in different words, but yet not agree, because we have not all the same standard. There must be a certain settled point, or a fixed datum for us to go by, otherwise our  
argument

arguments and debates will produce nothing but discord, strife and contention ; and truth, which we all aim at, will be buried under sophism, false logic and error.

We think that the stupendous universe has only been created little more than five thousand years, when doubtless the hieroglyphics on the pyramids of Egypt, and the inscriptions upon the written mountains of Arabia, are of a much more ancient date. The beautiful and extensive island of Atlantis, mentioned by Plato, is long ago no more ; and the province of Touraine in France which is now more than one hundred and twelve miles from the sea, was once covered with the deeps, as the numerous marine productions at ten feet below the surface plainly testify. The nature and state of petrefaction, nay, even the marble which supports the chimney-piece of the chamber where I now write, thoroughly convinces me, that forty thousand years could never have brought things to their present condition ; there-  
G
fore,

fore, it is certain that this world has been inhabited long before we have any account of it; and perhaps, by a different set of beings. Indeed the word *Bereſhith* which we tranſlate, beginning, ſignifies alſo in the height or top, and certainly the word *Bára*, which our tranſlators have rendered created, ſignifies more properly, renewed or changed. So the ſentence might be tranſlated thus: in the height of *time*, God renewed the heavens and the earth, *which would at once ſettle all our doubts concerning it:—*

That is, when it pleaſed the Almighty to change or renew it, he did it; and I have not the leaſt doubt but He will in due time, drive us ſinful and backſliding wretches from his earthly paradise, and give it to thoſe more worthy of it. And as he does all his works by order, perhaps he will do this by a comet, which ſtar appears to me to have been deſtined for the awful purpoſe, and which I am afraid is not at a very great diſtance; but I truſt for the ſake and pray-

ers



ers of the righteous, he will spare us another year.

That this, or any other planet will be totally destroyed, is what I cannot believe; surely every particle which the Almighty hath created, will be changed, and will continue to change through the boundless duration of time, but will never be annihilated; and in my opinion, expanse is as unconfined as eternity itself. We are firmly persuaded, or at least we say, that we ourselves shall exist for ever; and are we so ignorant as to suppose that this beautiful and extensive globe, on which we now breathe, is not of more value than a million of us? The Son of God himself told us, that a single sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his Father's consent; that is, nothing can move or exist a moment without the breath of God. Matter or material beings could not be supported or kept in existence one moment, without the help of the immaterial or spiritual substance.

Thou Father omnipotent with arm strong,  
 Outstretch'd, who all wonderously preserv'st,  
 By oath frail nature, bind'st on thee to wait,  
 And all creation with thy breath dost feed ;  
 That so richly, an insect can't complain,  
 Nor a single creature thy goodness lack.

Great God, who into seas the mountains sink'st,  
 The bottom of the deeps to dry ground turn'st :  
 The great globe with thy nod shak'st near to melt,  
 And at thy voice all the planets tremble ;  
 Yet by sure attraction, out of bounty  
 Thou all uphold'st, an atom can't be lost !

I am as firmly persuaded as my faith will permit me, that the whole creation will eternally exist under the protection of that glorious Being who buildeth not in vain, or that which waxeth old, so that he should pull it down. Methinks it is an assault to the omniscient and perfectly wise Architect, to harbour such vague notions of him.

Men may boast of their knowledge, but in what does all this knowledge consist ?

Some

Some of them tell us that matter is co-eternal with spirit, but these have not reflected, that chance could never produce, they have only believed it, and made other, as foolish as themselves, do the same. Could chance be the parent of uniformity, which never fails, or could fate give birth to infinite variety? Could beings ever concur in efficacy, which never united in design, without a combining cause? Men may boast of their virtues in butchering one another like the wild beasts of the field, and they may sound their own trumpet too, even for that atrocious and brutal crime for which the two cities of old were very justly destroyed. They certainly shew their humanity and feelings, in putting the monarch of the dunghill to torture, and in persecuting one another! They never forget that they are the lords of the creation, but, alas! their pride and their ignorance will not let them remember, that they are poor dependent creatures themselves! How they rejoice in evil, and delight in folly; and how anxi-



ous they are to raise vice to the dignity of virtue. How they drink, how they blaspheme, how they consume the tobacco, and take away their neighbour's good report. They have called your sex women, but they ought to have called themselves women-woe and their own ! They have jumbled a parcel of lumber and worthless things together, which they call learning, but I would advise you Julia, not to meddle with it, because it is real nonsense ; it can neither refine your imagination, or elevate your understanding ; and indeed you may be convinced of what I say, when ever you associate with those who deem themselves of the true literati. They are disagreeable in their manners and conversation, and are often at a loss what to do with their own legs and arms. They are diffident and mistrustful, and delight in saying ill-natured things, of which you may be fully convinced, when I relate you a short pun, or repartee, that a Scotch gentleman made to the late Dr. Johnson, whose harsh  
and

and rude manners proved him to be a mere pedantic churlish clown, in his heart and principles; altho' he was stuffed up with verbs, nouns and pronouns, and a quantity of other such rubbish, which his disciples, especially Mrs. P—— and Mr. R—— call learning!

He was one day in particular running out against the Scotch, in company where a gentleman of that country chanced to be, who told him, that he was astonished that such wise men as he had made choice of Scotsmen for the first judges of their nation, as some of the greatest and best of their generals, their best physicians, and as standards for poetry, history and music. What man, says Dr. Johnson, there is not a good line or sentence of real genius or sense in all their productions. I beg your pardon doctor, replies the gentleman, I know one line, which surpasses all that ever the English wrote. What is that then? I am sure I never read it. *Then I am sure you felt it.*

How were you affected when you heard, *Give Dr. Johnson five hundred a-year?* The Earl of Bute—ha! ha! ha!

Should education make us disagreeable, ill-natured, or hoggish? Or can we deem a man who is so, properly educated? Surely no; but what the world call learning, good sense, and wisdom, are very far from the mark. We never or very seldom push our capacities to find out what is right, but we over-load our memories with doubtful things, and turn simple truth and reason into a jumble of intricacies. The very language which we have is far from being adequate to express our ideas. We should only have one word for one object, and our lexicographers should have marked that object in their dictionaries. All our verbs, nouns, pronouns, &c. should be regular, and we should never have five or six words to explain one; but the misfortune is, that we have coined multitudes of words to explain what we know nothing, or at least very little about.



about. And what is this, but just like filling a bag full of wind ; open the mouth of it, and all which appeared solid but this moment is gone. A man who may have crammed his brains full of words to explain objects of which he knows little, or perhaps never has seen, is as great a fool as he who would carry clay and stone through the cities of London or Paris, merely to fatigue himself.

Men in general are exquisite hypocrites ; and while they carry a fair outside, are guilty of all manner of fraud, vice and extortion. They boast of the equity of their laws, but stick at no violation of them. They have broached so many theories of religion and politics, and continue so doing, that one would imagine them to be quite mad. Some of them worship old busts, count beads, and put their hands in cold stinking water in the middle of winter, and then rub their faces over with it, and what is still worse, they oblige the ladies to imitate

them in all their apish tricks even in heel knowledge, which is the only thing now in vogue; some of them gallop through the streets with a half dozen of slaves after them, dressed just like mountebanks, or buffoons. Others must not, or indeed cannot, live without a title the length of a bum's staff; and to prove it, they procure a piece or slice of paper or parchment, with a few ounces of sealing wax stuck to the end of it: and I have not the least doubt but we shall all be dukes, lords, and baronets, in a short time hence, or at least we shall have such a quantity of nobility in our blood in a couple of centuries, that the physicians will be baffled to know the state of it!—

The politics of men are such an effusion of nonsense, their philosophy such an unintelligible jargon, and their religious tenets so absurd and contradictory, that one would really think they had not a single grain of judgment or good sense left them. Therefore Julia, I earnestly intreat of you again, to study neither Latin or Greek; laugh at  
their

their politics, and scorn their philosophy;  
 avoid the pedant and detest the fop, as also  
 the rigidly religious, be sure to mark *them*  
 down in your pocket book; as the basest of  
 the human species, worship God with a pure  
 heart, believe in Jesus Christ who is able and  
 willing to save the whole race of mortals: and  
 when you read sermons, let it be those of  
 Dr. Blair, which are worth, nay, far ex-  
 ceed all the rest put together. When you  
 associate with the multitude to worship God,  
 let your mind be on him, and your eye on  
 his word; but do not pin your faith to the  
 sleeves of the clergy, for they know no more  
 than yourself. Be a faithful subject of that  
 great and good man, our present king, and  
 when you become a wife, follow the good  
 example of his worthy queen. Pray that the  
 Almighty God of heaven may long favour  
 Great-Britain and Ireland with two such  
 eminent characters, who are not only an ho-  
 nour to human nature, but to him who made  
 them, if I may be allowed the expression;  
 and I am afraid, nay almost sure, that



they will be called to rise in judgment against many of their ungrateful, disorderly, and wicked subjects, particularly some of the grandees of this world, whom I fear will be converted into *little-dees* in the next.

I beg your pardon (which I hope will be granted, tho' the crime be no less) for having sent you such a long letter, I have not time just now to abridge it, but if necessary, you may at your leisure. Farewell, till the next post—*sweet creature!*

EDWIN.

LET.

L E T T E R   X V I I .

FROM   J U L I A .

*London, October 24th, 1787.*

DEAR FRIEND EDWIN,

I SHEWED your last letter to the Rev. Mr. R—— of Bath, who wishes me to publish it with some others, which I have lately received from you; but I told him that I should not take that liberty without your permission; though I must confess that I should be happy, and that extremely so, to see them in print, which desire I communicated to Mr. C——, the student of physic, of whom you know a little, and who, I suppose, possesses far less knowledge than his own grey-hound, though he had the politeness

ness to send me the following letter, with his compliments, as I send them you according to his order.

Miss Julia A——,

Although I am a lover of the fair sex, yet I am no friend to any she pedant. You know we have too many pedantic men already, and you ought to consider, that it is very disagreeable in a woman to be loaded with history, rhyme, or even blank verse. Nature only seems to have destined the most beautiful part of the creation, ( I mean your sex ) to guess at things, just as she has kept the sword out of your hands from butchering one another, as do the gentlemen of this world, who, indeed, are very seldom happy to live in peace !

Of all our plagues, the greatest is untold ;  
The book-learned wife, in Greek and Latin bold ;  
The critic-dame who at her table sits,  
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits.

She



She has so far th' ascendant of the board,  
 The prating pedant puts not in one word:  
 The man of law is non-plust in his suit;  
 Nay, ev'ry other female tongue is mute.  
 Hammers and beating anvils, you would swear,  
 And Vulcan with whole militia's there.

Ev'n wit's a burthen when it talks too long;  
 But she who has no continence of tongue,  
 Shou'd walk in breeches, and should wear a beard,  
 And mix among the philosophic herd.

O what a midnight curse has he, whose side  
 Is pester'd with a mood—and—figure bride!  
 Let mine, ye God s! if such must be my fate,  
 No logic learn, nor history translate;  
 But rather be a quiet humble fool:  
 I hate a wife to whom I go to school,  
 Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows,  
 Where noun, or verb, or participle grows.

Now, Madam, you must not be angry  
 with me for sending you the above lines; I  
 assure you, that I very much esteem you,  
 and am far from thinking you pedantically  
 inclined.—It is to a woman that I owe my  
 life; and as being born of one, I should be  
 much

much worse than any beast of the field, to speak against them, or to treat them with indignity, which is the custom of too many. However, I must confess, that the bookish part of them is very disagreeable to me, and was I to make choice of a wife this day, or the next, I am sure I should be happy the less she knew, because I do not know much myself. An agreeable and well shaped person, with a few notes in music, or a little of the English, French, and Italian languages, added to a few pounds sterling in her pocket, as one of the guards to keep poverty at a distance, would be all, or perhaps, more than all the accomplishments which I would desire with a sweet female as partner for life, and companion in the world to come.

Miss Julia, I said it was to a woman that I owe my life, and it is really true.—This last spring I was reduced to a miserable condition indeed, by a phthisis, or phthifical consumption. In vain had I implored advice,

vice,

vice, and in vain was the assistance of physic, or the number of bottles and pills ushered in by the quacks and drug-merchants, till a friend of mine sent me the two following lines, and with them his compliments in advising me to try the effects of a healthy young woman's milk.

Health is oftner found on hills,  
Than in th' apothecary's pills.

I took his advice, knowing him to be a gentleman of superior abilities, honesty, and candour, and I now thank Providence, that I am perfectly restored from that most deplorable state, to which the violence of my disease had reduced me.

Miss,

I have the honour to remain your obedient servant, with my sister's compliments to your uncle and yourself.

A. G. C—.

Edwin,



Edwin, I have made bold to enclose you Mr. C——'s letter to me, and wish you to send me your observations on it. He is a fickle being, blessed with an imagination as flighty and wavering as the feathers of a peacock's tail ; but I am afraid not so beautiful. Sometimes he says that a woman should have a smattering of every thing, and at other times he quite contradicts himself. —I believe him to be a good generous kind of man upon the whole ; but he has a bad custom of running from one acquaintance to another, and saying Miss L—— is not a handsome girl, Miss Ripper's shoes are ill-made, and Mr. Q—— takes too much snuff; I am to dine with his grace the duke of B—— to-morrow, and a deal of other such stuff.

In reading your last letter I laughed heartily at several humorous remarks, which you have elegantly combined with the most useful and serious reflections ; especially at the happy prospect which you seem to have of us all becoming noble in a short time  
hence,

hence, and also at the short dialogue between Dr. Johnson and the Scotch gentleman, the former of whom I have been repeatedly informed, was so loaded with ill-nature and sarcasm, that he could scarcely speak a good word even of his own poor father and mother, who, by his account, were no honour to him nor to themselves.—He appears to have been well stored with that brilliant partiality which prompts fools to see the follies of others, but inclines them to cover their own. How fond we are of our dear selves! Every thing which we say or do is without exception! We are ever mighty ready to judge others by one single word or deed, and how apt are we to find fault with those who are infinitely superior to ourselves? We think that knowledge runs only in the channel of our own brain, and that to seek for it elsewhere would be needless, or only a loss of our precious time! If we hear but a foolish saying, or observe but one silly action, we presently cry out *he is a fool*. But such a censure is exceedingly ridiculous

lous, because it is very probable, that he who never said a silly thing, never said a wise one.

I have read the greatest part of Dr. Johnson's works, and must confess myself totally at a loss to see in what he surpassed the common class of authors. 'Tis true, I am but a weak judge of literary productions, however, I am inclined to think, that the public, who too often judge wrong of things, have raised Mr. Johnson to that dignity which his merit never justly entitled him to. What a thing it is to be fortunate, and to have the applause of the *mob*, or even of a few enthusiasts who would not hesitate a moment to sacrifice their *all*, to their own dearly beloved opinions !

We generally praise things which we know nothing about, run out against things which we are totally ignorant of, and censure others for vices which we daily, and deliberately, commit ourselves ! We frequently blame people for what they never had the  
least



least idea of, and praise others for those virtues and talents which neither they nor ourselves ever possessed.—We call the rich honest and good, but the poor every thing that is bad, yea, we even treat the latter as creatures of a different species from ourselves. We open our hands liberally to the support and maintenance of rope dancers, mimics, jugglers, dogs and monkeys; and we spare nothing to stuff our own brutish appetites; but are we so anxious *in cloathing the naked, feeding the hungry, and taking in the stranger?*

When a man is taken up on suspicion, or when the most innocent person hath his character traduced, our malignancy, our wicked censures, and our uncharitable conjectures, press as heavily upon him, and injure him as much, and often more than if he had been really guilty. We do not consider that this may be our own case the next day, and that many thousands have suffered innocently since poor Joseph had the misfortune

tune to forget his garment in the hands of a gallant woman.—No, we are prone to believe ill of our fellow creatures, that when any thing good is said of them, many of us shake the head, and turn their virtues into derision, or at least remain neuter on the subject or report, which we would by no means have done had it been a bad one.—I remember to have read, but where I do not recollect, that slanderers and tale-bearers in ancient times, were marked with a hot iron in the forehead. I am afraid was this the case now, many of my country people, (who are the first in the world at this sort of business) would have nothing left above the eyes, no, not even the bone itself!

While such a spirit of malevolence reigns amongst us, let us be assured that we are ignorant of God, his religion, and our own happiness; and that we are nothing but the children of satan, whose works we are carrying to the utmost extent,

tent, and whose reward we most assuredly may expect, and that soon, being well advanced in the paths of utter destruction!

My dear Sir,

I remain your humble servant,

JULIA.

LET-



LETTER XVIII.

To J U L I A M

*Paris, November 12, 1787.*

DEAR MISS,

I HAVE not the honour of being personally acquainted with Mr. C——, and therefore I am not at liberty to say much about him; only tell you that I coincide with the greatest part of the sentiments laid down in his letter from you to me, especially that respecting woman's milk, in which I believe there is a something divinely good, though very seldom prescribed by our physicians. It is the softest, the most light, and nourishing fluid that exists, and according to my humble opinion, the most sovereign balsam

ham in the world, and the greatest restorative in nature.—But Julia.

If people were not afraid to die, the physician would not have been so often consulted, nor the priest so wistfully attended to; and I much fear, that three-fifths of all our religion and morality proceed solely from the terror of our laws, and a fear of the devil, and not from a real respect to the GREAT ONE. Few of us, I am suspicious, are either religious or moral from duty only. Interest, or a regard to an hereafter reputation, I am afraid, is too frequently our motive for our rigid pretensions, as I might easily prove from the two puritanical hypocrites; I mean the skin-merchant and his wife, both of whom pretend to be rigidly religious indeed, and pharisaically make their parade of it, even in keeping prostitutes, and one or two mistresses for the *irreligious*, according to their own canting phrase. These professors of christianity speak fair to your face, and to all appearance, are two inno-

H

cent

cent lambs, but in your absence they prove to be two of the most unfeeling, ungrateful, and wicked monsters that ever disgraced human nature; as I shall shew on some future occasion; and when I am more at leisure, if they do not speedily refrain from the work which they have lately taken in hand, I mean that cowardly, and diabolical manner, of slandering more worthy characters than themselves.

We surely do not believe the one third of what we profess, otherwise how can we be guilty of the follies, we are daily exclaiming against? How could we, and that with the greatest deliberation, commit the very crimes, which if done by a brother or sister, we would rejoice at their just punishment for the offence?—We certainly profess too much by far, and believe too little; but yet perform still less: which, when added together, the produce is nothing but a species of the vilest hypocrisy. We make a great noise about religion and morality,

but



but do not our works prove, that we are only mere pretenders to them? How many schemes are we continually laying to injure one another, and what pains do we not take, to add to, or magnify every evil report, raised against our own fellow-travellers? How exorbitant and scornful, we are to those whom we know, cannot do without our help? And how unmerciful to those who most want our mercy!

We do not understand the scriptures, because we are in a state of insanity, and we comment on them in vain, for that very reason. Our irregularities and follies bring a flood of misery and diseases on us; and indeed, few of us are saved in the *ark*. Our young men have hardly a tooth left in their jaws; and our old men can scarcely boast even of the jaw-bone itself, though our middle-aged men can swagger away with a full set, put in by the scaler or dentist, perhaps no longer than yesterday! Those amongst us, who lord over the rest, convert the night

into day, and the day into night, and would rather be blessed with a trembling hand, and a gouty-leg, than cursed with an empty bottle! Those who pretend to be most holy, and set themselves at the head of our religion, destroy thousands a-year, while the poor wretch, as I observed before, who daily ministers at the altar, hath scarce a single shilling to pay his debts, or to procure a morsel of bread for himself or his family!—We think we have reason, but alas, we have lost it long ago; *so long*, that it has almost, if not altogether, escaped the reach of our sight, which makes us conclude, that we are wiser than ever we were, when, in reality, we are greater fools, than ever we could have imagined ourselves capable of being, had we but a little reflected!

Our clergy (amongst whom there are, doubtless, many good men) tell us that they are the ambassadors of Christ, but before I can believe them, they must produce their credentials,

tials, for I never knew an ambassador come without them. I would wish to know, who are those, that make oath before the God of heaven, that they are inspired with his *Holy Spirit*; and are yet convinced in themselves, *if not blind indeed*, that their actions at the colleges, and other places prove the contrary? Is it not shameful to see a young fellow (who often cannot read his prayer-book, but who through ignorance and vanity, is as proud as lucifer himself,) set at the head of a congregation to explain the sacred mysteries! Is it a black coat, boots in taste, with a thick head-bein poudrée, and a few Greek and Latin phrases, which constitute a clergyman? Do we not, or rather does not the bishop, spoil many a good ploughman or bricklayer, by putting his hand on the crown of their head!!!

I am a young man it is true, but I hope that is no dishonour: perhaps by being so, my senses are quicker, my penetration more acute, and my ideas less crowded;



though my experience may not flow in such mighty torrents, as those who wear the black gown or the grey wig. Indeed I must say, that many of them have wrested the sacred records, and have very mistaken notions of most passages in scripture: instead of having explained the internal and spiritual meanings of the blessed book, they have so falsely translated, and expounded the external sense thereof, that one would think the book to have been sealed, and the truths therein, hid from their eyes.—

They think that we all suffer on account of Adam's transgression, which means no more than this, that we too often love the creature more than the Creator, and so do they themselves also, tho' they are *ambassadors*, and would make us believe that the just God of heaven and earth, is given to revenge, and repenteth him of his doings, that he will raise us from the dead, and cause a total destruction of the visible heavens and earth.—But they do not comprehend

prehend the true meaning of these passages. The first, or resurrection from the dead, signifies a resuscitation or a liberation of the spirit of man from his body, which enables or fits him, to pass from one world into another; for by death in the scripture, is signified resurrection and continuation of life. The second passage, or what we suppose, alludes to a destruction of this and other globes, has only a reference to that glorious church, the new Jerusalem dispensation, or second advent of our blessed Lord, as promised both in the scriptures of the old and new testament, which will not consist in the destruction of things visible, I mean the planets, but in the manifestation of the pure laws of order, which are the laws of heaven to mankind, derived from the holy word of God; whereby the mists of error will be dissipated, and the divine will made known more perfectly; so that if man's life be conformable thereto, he will be enabled to attain unto close conjunction with heaven, in the spirit of righteousness, truth and

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peace,

peace, and being restored to an heavenly life, form and image in this world, will hereafter, most assuredly, have his eternal lot with the blessed in the heavenly kingdom, where there is all, and every thing that is in the natural world, and that infinitely in a more perfect state, as we shall all sooner or later be convinced of, although most of us laugh at, and deride the notion at present, as flowing from an extravagant and enthusiastic imagination.

In my travels through Europe, I have seen several very ancient manuscripts, both of the old and new testaments; and I have likewise read the scriptures in different languages, but they do not always agree, nay, in some places they materially differ, and I am sure, whoever will take them in their literal or apparent-external sense, will soon perceive a great part of them to be contradictory, unreasonable and inconsistent, with the goodness and wisdom of that Being their author. He who only sees them  
in



in a literal or external sense, hath not yet properly searched them, and must be worse than a fool, in striving to defend them from the insults of the atheist, the deist, or the philosopher. The more arguments he uses in their defence, the more ridiculous he will appear, and the greater injury he will do, not only to the language of the most high God, but also to his own soul. A language which our translators, commentators, and many of our clergy have, in a great measure, corrupted. Of all the comments which I ever read on the bible, I never found one, but what was full of contradictions, absurdities, and glaring inconsistencies, that of \*\*\*\*\* excepted. Surely, the Lord highly favoured him, and opened the internal meaning of the word to him, and I trust, that the happy period is not at a great distance, when the world will be convinced of it. Be assured, Julia, that the scriptures are of God; divine truth itself, in which there is a trinity, or a literal, a spiritual, and a celestial sense. The

truths of the literal sense of the word, are, in some cases, not naked truths, but only appearances of truths; and like similitudes and comparisons, taken from such things as are, or might be in nature. The literal or external sense of the word, is, its temple, in which are many holy things, and in the midst *the holy of holies*, or the Lord himself.—*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, or rather, God was the Word, made Flesh, and dwelt amongst us.*

Our translators seem to have been very ignorant, with regard to the true idiom of the Hebrew and Greek languages, and the analogy they bear to ours. They also appear to have been unacquainted with the customs and manners of the countries where the scriptures were written. But what is still more shocking, they, as also the most of our commentators and clergy, seem to have been strangers to the real meaning of the sacred pages, as I shall endeavour to prove  
in

in a few unstudied letters to you. However, I beg you would remember that I do it, not with a view to find fault with the word of God, (in which I trust and firmly believe) but only to shew that men in general are ignorant of it, yea, even so ignorant, that I defy them to reconcile one half of it to reason, or even common sense.—*The fault is not, nor indeed cannot be with it, but with us.*

In the book of the generation of Adam, we have an account of some men living to the age of six, seven, eight or nine hundred years, and upwards: but from the nature of the human frame, this is impossible, and contrary to the laws of order, which God hath instituted; not that I would suppose his power to be confined to any limits. But as every thing has, or ought to have its use, why should they live so long? It was certainly not to populate the earth, since their children were not more numerous, than those of men who live in our day, only to  
the



the age of fifty or fixty. Now had this extravagant longevity only a literal or external sense, we should reasonably be obliged to attribute it to the ignorance of the Jewish scribes, or chronologists, before we could make it agree with our ideas of reason, or even with other passages of scripture, written by men who lived a long time ago, particularly the ninety psalm, composed by father Moses himself, and in which he complains of human fragility ; and adds, that our years are three score and ten, or by reason of more strength, four-score, which is the ordinary length of man's age to this time, although we hear of some hearty fellows considerably surpassing that period ; even when doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, and many other pests to health and happiness, are innumerable !

We read in the book of Judges, of one Sampson, a very strong Hercules, who on his way to Timnath, in order to pay his addresses to an amiable young lady, he met  
with

with a fierce lion, who roared against him, and doubtless would have torn him to pieces, he having no weapon of defence in his hand, had not the spirit of the Lord come upon him, and enabled him to rend the lion, as he would have rent a kid.—Sometime after, we are informed that he found honey in the lion's carcase : but how can the naturalist, or the reflector be reconciled to the possibility of this story ; or how can the clergy, who are mostly ignorant of physic, account for it ? Is it not miraculous, how a *bee* which is allowed to be an insect as delicate as industrious, could ever suck honey out of the ramish carcase of the king of the beasts ? Surely this is not the meaning, nor nothing like it. What is meant by *lion* and *bee*, not many bishops or doctors in divinity amongst us, know any thing about : or at least if they do, they are afraid to disclose it, for reasons too well know !

As it is really impossible, that any such person as a doctor of divinity could ever  
exist

exist, I should have rendered it *surgeon in divinity*, had it been in the original, because I am fully persuaded that there are more who cut and mangle, than who relieve and make sound. I would wish to ask our most learned doctors, if they can explain the parables of God, better, or half as well as he did himself? I think it is the highest presumption in *a creature full of wine*, to mount a rostrum, and pompously to tell others, just as wicked as himself, that he is going to explain the mind of God to them. What does he know more than those around him? Only they cannot explain, perhaps, their own ideas, which is a want of language, and not of goodness. A man may be very good, and yet not very fluent, or eloquent in speech. We ought to remember, that no man is blessed for knowing, or grammatically explaining his master's will; but blessed, if he does it. But should we even come to this point: I mean *volubility* of language, I am sure many will join with me in declaring, that our modern parsons, and  
many



many of our antique ones, come nearer the sound of the big drone of a highlandman's bag-pipes, than that clear voice, and proper choice of words, which a preacher ought to have.

Ever since the council of Nice, we have been taught by our clergy, to worship three Gods, which is the most ridiculous notion that could have entered into the minds of men. It has perverted the whole church, so that nothing spiritual is left remaining in it. The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they stumble in judgment; all tables are full of vomit and filthiness. We laugh at the heathens for believing in a plurality of gods, but we ought to remember, that we are guilty of the very same thing ourselves. We forget the words of the apostle, where he says, there is one body, and one spirit, one Lord, one faith, &c. And sure, there is but one God who hath all power in heaven and earth. Surely God is in thee, and there is none else; A  
just

just God and Saviour, there is none to beside thee: the Lord of hosts is thy name, the God of the whole earth. one Jehovah, and thy name one.

Jesus Christ is the God of *heaven and earth, one with the Father, the Father is in Him, and he in the Father; and whoever seeth Him seeth the Father also, and all holiness proceeds from Him, and in Him dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily.* He is Jehovah Lord, from eternity Creator, in time Redeemer, and to eternity Regenerator, and of consequence, Father, Son and Holy Ghost in one. Father in his divinity, Son in his humanity, and Holy Ghost in his proceedings, - Though he is God and man, yet he is not two, but one Christ, one altogether, by unity of person; for as the soul and body make one man, so God and man are one Christ, and there is no other God but this wonderful counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace.—Thou Jehovah art our  
Father

Father, our Redeemer, thy name is from everlasting, and thou and the Father are one, for Thou art in Him, and he is in Thee; and whosoever believeth otherwise, worshippeth not the true God.

Now, Julia, you see, that I have candidly given you my opinion, and you may publish it to the world, as soon as you please; for if you remember aright, you know that I told you the reasons, why I wrote these letters, and the desire I expressed to lay them before the discerning and judicious part of mankind, to whose judgment I submit, with all due deference, regard and esteem. I have neither spared the faculty nor the clergy, though I know they are a formidable set of men, but have now grown to such a monstrous size and ferocity, that they should be beaten with many stripes; especially as they know their master's will, and do it not. I do not pretend to have more sense or judgment than the rest of the world, but perhaps, few have  
had



had more reasons to speak the truth, or more cause to reflect on the follies of my own species, than I have. How some of them have treated me, and how unjustly I have been used, by those who had no business to meddle with me, is surely well known to him who will amply reward us all, for the works done in the body. I am afraid of no one living, because I have truth on my side, and I hope its author also. I am the subject of a free nation, which I trust never to dishonour, and of as good a king as ever graced human nature, therefore, I hope always to be at liberty to speak the truth, particularly when so much wanted; more I do not desire; so I wish him, and every branch of his illustrious family, and you also, Julia, tho' not of the blood-royal, with all the inhabitants of the universe, that blessing which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow.

Yours sincerely,

EDWIN.

L E T.

L E T T E R   X I X .

From JULIA to EDWIN.

*London, December 20th, 1787.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM infinitely obliged to you, for the instructive letters which you regularly send me. I hope you will continue them to her, whose regard for you daily increases, and whose sorrows are continually multiplied. *I have just lost my dear and loving mother!!*—My aunt's son has forgot himself, and, at an age, when others are but just entering into life, he has, by the laws of his country, been compelled to suffer an ignominious death. The wholesome admonitions of his parents were soon forgotten.—Vice entangled him in her net, and easily  
made

made him her slave.—Vicious company begat in him a habit of extravagance, and the shame of poverty, overcame the fear of guilt. The honest dignity of a virtuous mind was no longer his, than he could opportunely transgress. Alas! *poor creature!* his resources from want, were found in crimes, and he forgot his God, his friends, and his country.

O Edwin, what I suffer! Almost all my relations are removed to the spiritual world, and my acquaintances and friends are put away from me, and I myself am shut up by my cruel uncle, so that I cannot come forth. Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction, but I hope the Lord will comfort me in due time, and hasten the happy period when you and I shall meet.

You complain of the ill treatment with which you have met in this world, and doubtless you have had sufficient cause: but be of good cheer, you well know who overcame,  
and



and subdued the hells. He will, when this life is ended, rear you, and all those who truly believe in him, a temple not made with hands. You know better than I, that he will cloath the naked, feed the hungry, and send the rich, who think themselves so, empty away.

That experience which we pay dearest for, is often the best ; it makes the deepest impression, is of longest use and does us the most good. A precept that is enforced with smart and pain, whether it be on our body or purse, admirably quickens our obedience, keeps our memories and reflections awake, and is a constant monitor continually prompting us to our duty. That adversity is a fruitful mother of instruction, and very often our best friend, cannot, I believe, justly be denied. In one of your sweet letters to me, about a year ago, you say, and very reasonably too, that adversity teaches us so many lessons, that to take a full view of them, would make a sermon as long as man's life,  
and

and which, undoubtedly, might be applied to all the circumstances of it. It begins by teaching us the knowledge of ourselves, and ends by leading us to the knowledge of the true God. The first is a piece of wisdom of inexpressible use, and though it is to be had at home, yet 'tis seldom or never learned, but by some opposition from abroad; and the latter every good man must own, is that pearl of infinite price, mentioned by him, who was perfectly spotless, and infinitely pure. That wisdom which cometh from above, and is freely offered to all, but accepted by few. David, with whom we can all sin, but few or none of us repent, said, that before he was afflicted, he went astray: and the truly wise, have in all ages, looked on poverty, or any other species of adversity very necessary, as a trial of our virtues, and a refiner thereof.

With this letter I send you a small bundle, and beg your acceptance of it. You will find a few sheets of your letters, and  
mine

mine along with them. I have not been able to superintend the press, therefore, I trust that you, and every generous reader will excuse the typographical errors, such as *ogreeable*, for *agreeably*, page seventh; *re-sumed*, for *sinned*, page sixty-nine; and some other small errors in the punctuation, which have escaped me, not with my will, nor the printer's; but by the misfortunes which I have lately met with.

A friend of mine has favoured me with the following lines, written by the celebrated S. J. as an epitaph on the late Mr. Johnson, which I think may create a laugh:

Here lies Sam Johnson; reader, have a care,  
Tread softly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear :  
Humane he was, but overbearing in dispute,  
A scholar, and a christian, yet a brute!  
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,  
His age, his wit, his mirth and melancholy ;  
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,  
Will tell you how he talk'd, walk'd, cough'd, and  
spit.

I have



I have also to inform you, that your friend Mr. R——— has left his wife, even with child, and in great distress. Some say that she has acted imprudently, and frequently used to visit Prattle, who is a single man, and from what I can learn, not one of the most virtuous. I always took Mr. R—— for a good sort of a man, but indeed I must now blame him very much, for leaving a young creature in her pregnancy.

God blefs you,

JULIA.

LET-

L E T T E R, XX.

From E D W I N.

*Paris, January 14th, 1788.*

MY DEAR JULIA,

**D**OUBTLESS you are convinced that I am sorry for you, but it is not in the power of me, or any mortal, to wipe away your sorrows. You must forget them as much as possible, and look to him who can only and really retrieve your comforts. The more you think on your afflictions and miseries, the more heavily will they press upon you; therefore, beseech the most High, that he would enable you to forget them, and complacently resign yourself to the laws of order, which is the will of the Lord, for he can do nothing out of order, because he is

I infinitely

infinitely perfect : and be well assured, that though your uncle uses you ill, yet the good Spirit will see you righted as soon as you are fit to receive the things you ask for. The Lord is all in all. He is the wise governor, and will never suffer his subjects to lose the day, although things may appear dreadful on entering the field. Man, whose breath is in his nostrils, can do nothing without permission : he may watch many opportunities to injure, but the lord himself keeps the city. Therefore, Julia, be not afraid of the human race, the good will never strive to annoy you, and if the bad are permitted to molest you, it is only to put you on your guard.

I thank you kindly for the present which you have sent me ; but am grieved to see so many typographical inaccuracies in the first three sheets of the work. It is true, I do not agree with the generality of gramarians, because I believe that they, and also the bachelors were never created, but only  
formed



formed by mere chance out of the odds, ends, and stumps, (which the Creator was pleased to leave after he had finished his work, in the evening of the sixth day,) and popped into the world, because they could not stay out of it. They are a set of beings so contrary to the peace and harmony of society, and even to the rules of common sense, that I myself, though unfortunately a bachelor, and what the world call a bit of a linguist and grammarian, I really despise them, and avoid their company as much as possible. The intent of language, is to communicate our ideas to one another, and how we do this, provided we make ourselves understood, is, in my humble opinion, a matter of very little consequence. —However, Julia, I like to see things in order. My method of punctuation is very different from that used by authors in general, therefore, I beg the *Printer* would make no alteration in the manuscript. There is a glaring mistake, more like Irish than English, at page fifty-seven, I mean the *first*

*fore-mentioned*, which ought to be, *fore-mentioned* only : and a few lines above in the same page, the auxiliary verb *would* is misplaced. But as perfection is what we cannot attain here, even in the most trifling things ; I hope, that the considerate reader will excuse what I have mentioned, or what other such-like errors may fall under his eye, in the course of this work. And as for those who delight to cavil about mere nothings, or to find fault with things they never could better, I shall not give myself the trouble to make any apology to them, because I have not the least hopes of succeeding.

My dear, I am astonished that you should blame Mr. R—— for leaving his wife, if she is a bad woman. I hope you can read your prayer book ; or what I ought to have said, I trust you understand the scriptural part of it, which tells you, that so many as are coupled together, otherwise than God's word, doth allow, are not joined together  
by

by God, neither is their matrimony lawful. If a woman is not faithful to her husband, she is no longer married to him, but has violated the sacred vow herself, and surely if I had a wife who would put horns on my head, I should not use her ill either by language or stripes, but tell her calmly I was no longer her's, and therefore, from that hour quit her; and agreeable to my own conscience, I should think it no sin to marry again; and if it were not in my power to procure a divorce, conformable to the laws of my country, yet I would be equally entitled to it by the laws of God, which say, that you, the *injured* shall write a bill of divorce and give it in to her hand, and the words of Christ on adultery, imply the same thing; for I am sure the clergy cannot prove, that *He* ever authorized them to meddle with it, or to exact fees on such occasions, or even to establish a spiritual court, as they call it, which is the most horrid inquisition under cover! —I think the man who transgresses the marriage vow, is as culpable as the woman, if



not more so ; and were I a woman, and married to him, I would beg my bread before I would live with such a wicked wretch. How few are married indeed, or agreeable to the injunctions of the Most High God, who hath wisely ordained that sacred injunction for the conjugal happiness, and continual propagation of his creatures !

Adultry and seduction are two of the most heinous sins that man can be guilty of.— Moses both in his livitical and civil laws, rewarded the former by death, and the wisest amongst the ancients followed his example, and looked on the adulterer and seducer to be equally wicked. The Babylonians, Arabians, Tartars, Indians, Javans, Brazilians, and Mexicans, made adultery a capital offence. Among the Turks the offending woman is sentenced to be drowned, and the man still put to greater torture.— the Hungarians force their daughters, their husbands, their wives, their sisters, and their  
brothers

brothers to the place of execution, as soon as found in this abominable crime, or rather the crime of crimes, of which none will be guilty, but those who are actuated by satan, to destroy the peace and happiness of all around them.—Therefore, Julia, I think it a duty incumbent on my friend Mr. R——, never to countenance his wife again, if he be thoroughly convinced of her guilt. The laws of God do not, neither ought the laws of man, to bind or oblige him to sacrifice his happiness to her folly. To live with an adultrious woman, is to live with the devil's companion; and I should think it is much better for one to be happy than too be miserable, or at least I am of opinion that every man should leave his wife when she loves another better than himself. But if I go on this way, I shall never give you a description of Paris, which I promised sometime ago.

It is a very large city, and I assure you, as populous as dirty. There are upwards of two hundred and forty churches,  
 1 4 colleges,

colleges, hospitals, and chapels in it. The inhabitants are full of vivacity, politeness, and civility, especially to the English, whom they believe to be much richer than they often are. A good coat, on an English valet's back, and a handful of his master's guineas in his pocket, never fail to procure him the title of *Mi Lord Anglais*, for they do not understand the meaning of the word *My Lord*, neither of the word gentleman. They are all noblemen, and have no idea of what we mean by gentleman. They are in general good-natured, and very obliging, but extremely ignorant of geography, for upon my word, many of them have asked me, if England and Ireland were not one island, and to the south of France. The Parisians are Roman Catholics, but not rigid; however, they have preserved the bones of Mrs. Genvieve, (to whom they all pray fervently) in something like a trunk, and one may see more than two or three hundred sick people in a morning, flock around the box of bones, each with a piece  
of



of linen or silk in his hand, presenting it to a half-flarved curate there, who receives his masters fees from those poor fools, who are so superstitious and silly, as to believe that the piece of rag, first applied to the box of bones, and afterwards to their hips, will radically cure them of the lumbago and sciatika, or any other disease !

Such has been the misfortune of the generality of mankind, that partly from a wrong education, and partly by other causes, their original constitutions have been depraved : that is, their understandings have been misled, and their appetites and affections vitiated ; and they have been so far from making the moral fitness of things, the rule and measure of their actions, that on the contrary, they have suffered themselves to be governed by humour, enthusiasm, private intrest, and the like : and so have easily submitted to the arbitrary commands of every one, but more particularly to the *clergy*, who have the presumption

tion to declare themselves heavenly messengers.

Who in the name of common sense could have imagined that so many of the human species should be so blind, as to adore the very bones of an old maid, and pray daily to her, to intercede with the God of heaven in their behalf? I do not think that Jesus Christ ever commanded us to pray even to his own mother, but always to his father, though the Roman Catholics, who indeed are a charitable kind of people, have more than forty-five members to plead their cause, and present petitions for them in the upper-house! What are we heretics to do, we have not sent a single member yet!——Why, we must remain heretics, and not give ourselves the trouble of election; it being attended with expences, and can be only profitable to the elected, as he never fails to fill his own pocket by emptying ours——!

I was one day in company with an amiable

able French lady, who did not want for either wit or beauty. When we had chatted sometime together, I made free to ask her why she prayed to the Virgin Mary. She humourously replied, *Indeed Sir, I like to pray to my own sex, because I think they will do something for me in the next world.* You are right, madam, replies I, but you ought to be convinced first, whether they can do any thing for you or not. The priest has often told me that they can, adds the lady. I do not doubt but he has impudence enough to do that madam, but I assure you if he had told me so, I should have asked him where he had his information ; ha ! ha ! ha !

Man must be a stupid being indeed to suppose that the Almighty, who wanteth no counsel, hath established a parliament of popes, liars, arch-bishops, arch-rogues, bishops, villains, deans, drunkards, poor curates, whore-mongers, and other such impostors as the judges of his creatures. I say impostors, for every one is an impostor



tor, that is not properly qualified for what he professes. If I be a physician this year, a clergyman the next, and an attorney the third, I am still no impostor, if I am qualified in these offices. But if through interest or bribery, I procure a degree or licence to practice as a physician, an attorney, or a clergyman, and not qualified, I am nothing but an impostor. That God has ordained, and that there must be laws of order amongst men, I do not deny, but what we call laws of order, or proper regulations, cannot be as we have them; for instance, an illiterate fellow raised from the dunghill, or from making bricks, or running through the town with bull's bladders and gallipots, such as Billy Bolus, &c. are generally chosen as mayors, justices of the peace: they sit in judgment, they condemn, or acquit, but what knowledge have they of the common laws of their own country? How many men are there in the house of commons, and lords, who cannot properly combine two ideas together? Nay, there

there are some who never speak a word in it, nor indeed cannot, only *put down the window, it is too cold!* Have not we physicians, and innumerable surgeons, who through interest, or a few guineas, have procured diplomas and certificates, but who in reality, know no more of physic or the method of treating disorders, than an old woman, and often not half so much. Numbers of our attornies cannot, even for three and sixpence, resolve you a common question in the law, but they do often bring actions to the bar of justice, which a common cobbler would laugh at, not always from interest, but frequently from ignorance they do this. Many of our clergy are so ignorant of the Greek and Hebrew languages, that they do not know *Omega* from *Omicron*, or *Resh* from *Daleth*. Now, how can these men explain the scriptures, when they are unacquainted with the languages in which they were originally written? What confusion and disorder, does all this cause? Is it by interest or merit, that we are provided  
for

for in this world ! Is it by the laws of order, or the will of some great man, that I was made bishop of Durham ? If I have friends or plenty of cash, why should I study, or even learn my a, b, c ? I shall either be a lazy bishop, or a rector, or chosen a member of parliament, by some of the rabble who would do any thing for gold, but who know as much of common sense, as I myself do !

Thus you see, Julia, that our sorrows arise from an improper notion of things ; man is an intelligent and free agent, excellently constituted for social felicity, and when under a grateful sense of divine kindness, he studies to imitate his master, in communicating happiness to all, as far as it is in his power, by rendering himself agreeable and useful to the rest of his fellow creatures. But when he has false notions of God and religion. he forgets his own happiness, and consequently that of others. The love of self, turns him from the Lord,  
and



and from doing good, and the evil spirit forces him, not only to tempt the good, but likewise to ruin his own soul.

Watch and pray, my lovely Julia, lest you should also fall into temptation.

EDWIN.

L E T.

L E T T E R   X X I .

F R O M   J U L I A .

*London, January 21<sup>st</sup>, 1788.*

D E A R   E D W I N ,

I RECEIVED much consolation from your last letter, and am always happy to hear that you are well, although my sorrows press very heavily upon me just now. You are all the comfort I have in this world, and Oh ! what, what would I not give to be with you ! To bear misery best, is to hide it most ; but I assure you, Sir, I have so much of it, that a part of it must appear, I am not ashamed to own it to you, because I know you love me, and are well convinced that it is not my fault that I am poor. Love, 'tis true, is always inclined to flatter itself,  
and

and to form schemes of future happiness upon mere nothings; yet I trust, I shall be blessed with my wish some day or other. There is a pleasure in my sorrows, because a part of them flows for your worthy person.

I should be very happy, if you should favour me with some more remarks on physic and divinity, not that I wish either to preach or practise, but only to know something of these two sciences. My uncle has seen one of your letters, but he has said nothing to me of it yet, however, I suppose he will, as no literary production ever passes uncriticised by him. He pretends to review the works of every man impartially, but I am afraid he never reflects on his own inability or unsuitness for the business. He and a few more disagreeable pedants, are daily finding fault with every production, except their own; and pulling to pieces, what they could never put together. How easy a thing it is to find fault, or to speak  
against



against what we cannot mend ; I have repeatedly heard people, who were totally ignorant of architecture, destroy St. Paul's, and rear it infinitely superior again. *I mean in their solid imagination !* How many of us laugh and snarl at things, which we never had abilities to perform ; and how easy we find it, to sit down and number flaws in the best of characters and yet how are we ourselves hurt at the smallest reproach cast on our own conduct ! The vanity of admiring ourselves is a vice, perhaps, the most dangerous of any, and yet the most given way to ; if we would reflect that there is nothing more easy than to find fault, and nothing more difficult to arrive at than perfection ; we should then act very differently from what we do now.

Whispering and tittle-tattle are the vehicle of ill reports, slander and injurious reflections. The itch of talking, a heedless way of discourse, and a love to tell somewhat that is new, injure us much indeed. In  
the

the multitude there is a mixture of malice, and in all some inclination to carry an ill story, rather than a good one: for we are never seen to be so ready in throwing about any man's virtues as we are at repeating, and enlarging upon his mistakes, his errors, his follies, or his misfortunes. Perhaps the reason may be, that we cannot draw a good picture so exactly as a bad one: but the most probable cause is, I much fear, our own inclination to the works of satan, which makes us judge the same of others, and rejoice when we do but fancy, we have found any body like ourselves.

The usual cover from this impious blowing upon others people's reputations, and and publishing stories to the prejudice of their neighbours, is some pretence of respect or pity; and is generally prefaced with a charge of one gossip to another; *I'll tell you, but pray don't tell any body! I wouldn't for any thing that this story should do such, or such a one any hurt!* And thus the hypocrites

criters publish the very thing, they would have you believe they desire to be concealed; and blast your reputation, while they pretend to be concerned for it! They pluck the eyes as it were out of your head, and then blame you for not seeing. That part of a story that one forgets, another pieces out, and if it does not answer their purpose, or is too weak a scandal to pass current, 'tis but ingrafting a handsome invention of their own, and it becomes perfectly a new one! The next turn is, to huddle both together; from whence, as occasion presents, a third and fourth are produced, and these to spawn over and over; till not one of the whisperers knows his own story, and the person injured knows none of them, and yet has no manner of defence: for because these people are not openly scandalous, and some of them pretend much to religion, they are always believed long enough to do so much hurt, as cannot in a long time be recovered.

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The gravity and solemn pretences of these refined and polished hypocrites, give them just reputation enough to do mischief, and they have no manner of disposition to do any good.—Some wretches know how to find their own account, in talking to their neighbour's prejudice, or setting busy-bodies to work, to spread, increase, and multiply a story ; which from every hand has a new set off, and receives new force to hurt and destroy the innocent. Oh ! Britain who can equal thee in scandal and slander . Thou boastest of the liberties of the press, and in defaming thyself ; yea, even in scandalizing the best of thy kings and their families ! But be well assured, these are no liberties, (because the good never make use of them) but only a licence for vices which thou possessest to perfection !

Sir, with love and sincerity of soul,

I remain your's, &c.

JULIA.

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L E T T E R    X X I I .

From EDWIN to JULIA.

*Paris, January 30, 1788.*

DEAR JULIA,

HAPPY, thrice happy, should I be to see your sweet person, and to tell you by living sounds, what I now represent by dead characters. It would be a heaven upon earth for me, to converse with you face to face ; and to have the smiles which I think I see ! That power which illuminates the resplendent orb, will I hope, deign also to illuminate our minds, so as that we may thereby be directed to walk in those ways the most pleasing to him. Julia, you know as well as I, that this is a strange and difficult world to pass through. We have as it were a chymical process to undergo here, and may the Lord stand by  
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the refining pot, which I trust he will, and tread the evil spirits under his feet! Man hath but a few days to live, and I am sorry to say, he takes every method to make his life both wicked and miserable. What he believes this moment, he disbelieves the next, which consequently, renders his short time full of misery, his days, days of sorrow; and his years the multiplicand, or rather the multiplier of pain!—As we see only thro' a material structure, we only perceive material things. We now see as it were darkly through a glass, or a material eye, but when the lungs and the heart cease their respiratory and contractile motions, and when the body is no longer able to perform its natural functions, corresponding to the thoughts and affections of the spirit, which are derived to it from the spiritual world, then shall we see, as we are seen; then shall we live indeed, and that in a human form too. When our human organs of sight, or in other words, when our corporal sight is extinguished by the death of the body, and  
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the spirit's eye is opened or set free, then spirits appear to one another in human form, talk of things past, as well as things to come, and possess every sense, both external and internal, that they did before, for it is the soul that thinks, acts, and wills in man, and not the body. Our spiritual bodies will be separated from all the grossness and impurity of matter, and consequently we will enjoy pleasure, I say every pleasure in the other world, that we enjoy here, but to an infinitely greater degree of perfection, as we will be out of time and matter. Whatever we wish for, we shall then see it, and be convinced, *that in my Father's House there are many Mansions.*

Some of the surgical tribe, and other self-conceited and vain beings will not hesitate to tell you, that if man had a soul: that a fever, a ball out of a gun or the like, could never deprive him of it. Now, if these men would reason with themselves, they would be convinced that the soul may be compared  
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to one lodging in a house which he wisely quits when it becomes untenable, or to one in a coach when the springs thereof break, no one in his senses would venture to stay in it. I say our thoughts which lie in the soul, are so quick, that they can run over all the world in an instant; and when we are out of this body, and wish to see a friend or an acquaintance, we will immediately be with him, because our souls will go as quick in the spiritual world, as our imaginations in this.

I say again, that our translators and clergy have misinterpreted the scriptures.—*The blessed prayer itself*, is falsely translated, especially, *Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.*—Indeed, I am much afraid, that if God does not more freely forgive us, than we forgive one another, few, if any of us, need expect mercy. We are all in a state of utter insolvency; even monarchs as well as meaner men. None

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of us can discharge a single obligation to the Almighty Creditor!

In the second chapter of St. John, and the fourth verse, which runs thus in the original: *Legei aute o Jefous. Ti emoi kai soi Gunai? Oupo ekei e ora mou.*—Our learned translators have given us a specimen of their abilities! A translation, which is just as like the original, as an egg is to an oyster!—*Gunai*, signifies mother, as well as woman; and certainly the verb *to do*, is not in the original.

We are so ignorant, that few or none of us, can even explain the heathen mythology, which I can prove, has nothing but a corrupted reference to the state of the ancient church, as likewise have the hieroglyphics on the pyramids of Egypt; and the inscriptions written upon the mountains of Arabia; with many things amongst ourselves, of which we cannot learn the meaning; *because we are blind to our own happiness!*

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If I have taken upon me to correct the vices and follies of men in general, I hope, that such a task will not be deemed ostentatious, when I tell the world that I have written, only from a real regard to truth and the happiness of mankind. I am sure, that whoever is thoroughly convinced that he is made up of no better clay than others; or that he has nothing to boast of, as to himself, will easily perceive, that pride is the offspring of self-ignorance and folly, and that it belongeth him not to be proud.—

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred, until such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured: or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, ignorant, nor miserable.

Vanity is the basest species of pride metamorphosed, and is the spring of our vices, I was going to say of our virtues also.—We often go to church out of vanity, we walk

in the public streets, buy and sell ; visit, and frequently marry out of vanity. Vanity, silks, laces and impudence, have jumbled us together. We seem bewitched with a love of show and trifles, and every thing with us, is a mere outside shadow, which has put all the world into masquerade. We judge wrong of things, for we often see a silly taylor preferred to a learned author ; a French cook to a poet, a fellow with a splendid equipage, and a good share of assurance, in high esteem, while a sensible, learned and sober man is often at a loss how to pass through the world !——Falshood and deceit, *alias* lying, has banished truth from amongst us ; and those who set up for the most scrupulous sincerity, are generally the greatest hypocrites : they often, and that deliberately too, express themselves in manner nowise answerable to their own minds, which is nothing but lying. A vice very shocking in itself, as being the bane of civil society, and of all things the most hateful to him who is truth itself.——Either our  
pride

pride or our self-love, makes us deviate into error, as does our cowardice into falshood. When we would speak the truth, these vices will not permit us, and till we banish them we need never expect to keep ourselves from lying, which is a very heinous crime, and universally despised, even by those who are daily practising it!

Dear and loving Julia, as I must leave this city in four days, I trust that you will excuse me, if I now lay down my pen for a few weeks, when with the assistance of God I hope to be in Italy, a country that I very much long to see, and from whence I shall be infinitely pleased to correspond with you. I pray the Almighty, that the happy day may not be at a great distance, when you and I shall meet in London.—O! lovely Julia, how I long to be with you!—Then would be,

Our best companions, innocence and health;  
And our best riches, ignorance of wealth.

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The few letters which I have already sent you, my dear, contain such maxims as I would earnestly wish you to embrace. I am fully persuaded that the soul is immortal, the atheist inexcusable, and the deist atrociously culpable: that heaven's gates are open to all who would enter therein, and that God is no respecter of persons or sects: The Jew and the Gentile are alike to him.

Take care of your health, Julia, and continue to go on as you have begun.—— You may write to me as usual, for my friend will forward my letters, &c.

That the blessing of him whose sun equally lights the christian and the atheist, whose showers nourish the fields of believers and infidels, may rest on you and all who desire it, is the sincere wish and fervent prayer, of your ever-loving friend and admirer,



EDWIN.

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